

IMPROVEMENT ERA



DECEMBER, 1923

Vol. 27

No. 2

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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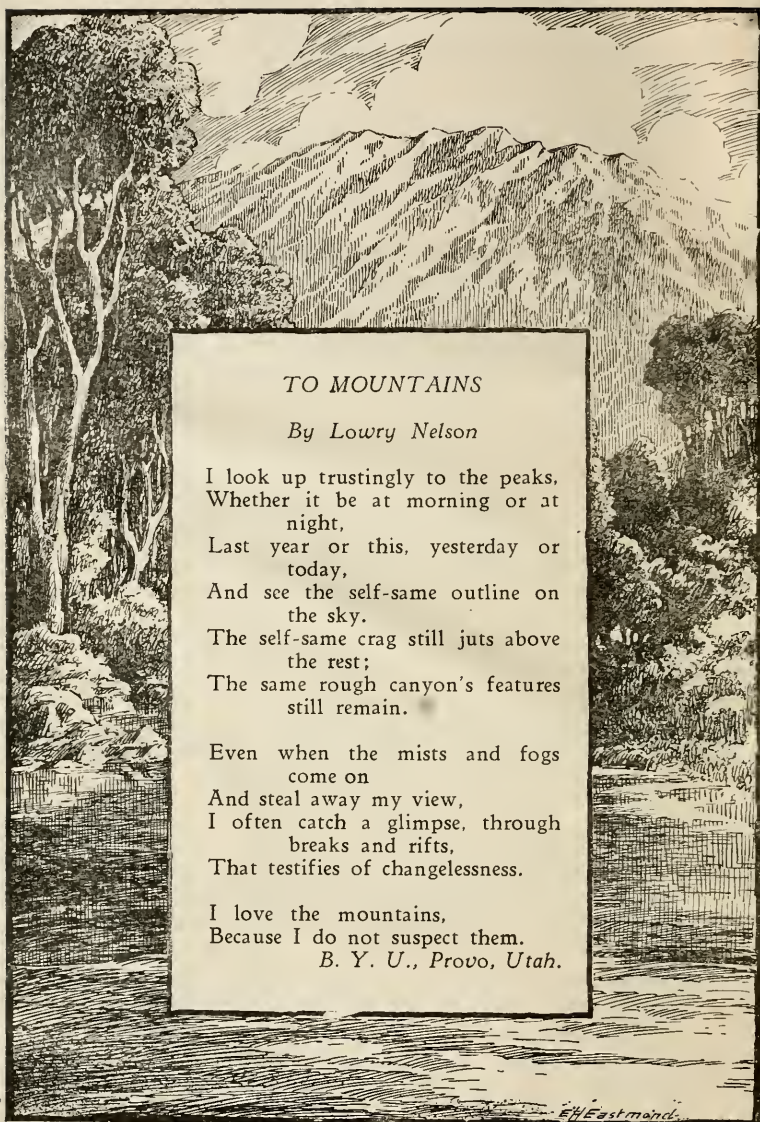
I was a Bethlehemite; had lived and loved as mortals do,
And I had tasted, oft, wormwood and gall, of cankering
hate;
Had fumed and spat when enemies were passing by my
gate.
But lo, the Star! And wise men from the gates of morning
dew!
And then I gazed into the liquid eyes of Mary's Child.
The Cherub of the Haloed Head looked in my face and
smiled,
And all my bitter hate was changed to loving sympathy,
My enemies became my friends. Oh, I could not condemn!
For, having caught the love divine, I loved the souls of
men.

I was a bigot, great and high, garbed in a robe of pride,
I boasted of my power; that I could fight and conquer
fear.
With self-sufficiency, I bragged of having not a peer.
But, lo! I followed where He led, up Olive's Mountain
wide,
I listened to a pleading voice in lone Gethsemane,
"My Father, if it be Thy will, remove this cup from me!"
And then my cloak of pride slipped off and fell upon the
ground,
And I was humble; just a child; with tender sympathy,
And all who faltered by the way, henceforth were kin to
me.

I was a hard avenger of the souls who served me ill,
I was a critic, and I sat oft in the scorner's seat,
I gave for blow, a ringing blow, revenge to me was sweet,
And, lo! beside a wayside cross, on far off Calv'ry's hill,
I listened to the words of Him who died for me and you:
"Forgive them, Father," in this hour. "They know not
what they do,"
Thenceforth, I studied, not the deed, but motive of the heart;
And those I'd deemed of mean intent, seemed kind and
true and good,
Revenge had flown, and left me Peace; for now I under-
stood.

Tridell, Utah

Alice Morrill



TO MOUNTAINS

By Lowry Nelson

I look up trustingly to the peaks,
Whether it be at morning or at
night,
Last year or this, yesterday or
today,
And see the self-same outline on
the sky.
The self-same crag still juts above
the rest;
The same rough canyon's features
still remain.

Even when the mists and fogs
come on
And steal away my view,
I often catch a glimpse, through
breaks and rifts,
That testifies of changelessness.

I love the mountains,
Because I do not suspect them.
B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.

THE MOUNTAINS

Drawing by E. H. Eastmond

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XXVII

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HISTORY, PROGRESS AND COUNSEL*

BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

It is certainly an inspiring sight to see this building so well filled at the first session of our semi-annual conference. I feel truly grateful to the Lord for his blessings to us as a people during the past year. Our harvests have been very abundant. There is a feeling of contentment today throughout this intermountain country, where the Latter-day Saints are located, that is very different, financially speaking, from what it was two years ago today.

We are grateful indeed for the blessings that have come to the people during the past two years, and we humbly pray that they may be continued upon the Saints, that the land may yield abundantly, and that peace and prosperity may continue with all of the people of the Lord. Above all it is the desire of the Presidency of the Church and the General Authorities that the Latter-day Saints may grow in the light, the knowledge, and the testimony of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which has been restored to the earth again, through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. While we rejoice in the material prosperity of the people, we rejoice more in the growth of faith and knowledge and the love of God and a desire to serve him on their part.

President's Visit

During the past six months we have had the privilege of receiving a visit from the President of the United States, who spoke from this stand, and who later visited the southern part of our state. We all know that he has since been called from this life. As I stated here upon one occasion, I am very grateful that President Harding had the opportunity of meeting and mingling with the people of our state and of the adjoining states, where so many of the Latter-day Saints are located. I rejoiced when he said to me, as I was dining

*Address delivered at the opening session of semi-annual general conference, Salt Lake Tabernacle, Friday, October 5, 1923. Reported by Joseph Anderson.

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with him in the Yellowstone Park, that his good opinion of our people has been enhanced by his visit among them. I am grateful that the high office he held until his death is now occupied by a man who I believe with all my heart is worthy of that exalted position. I desire, and I am sure that all Latter-day Saints desire, that the inspiration that comes from God may be given to President Coolidge in the great office which he holds, and that wisdom may come to him and his cabinet in directing the affairs of our beloved country.

We as Latter-day Saints have much to be thankful for. We are just completing in Idaho Falls a magnificent hospital, which when completed and furnished, will cost about four hundred thousand dollars, and will be a lasting monument to the integrity of our people, and their devotion to God. Otherwise we would not have had the means to have created such a magnificent structure in our adjoining state.

Alberta Temple Dedicated

There has been dedicated a temple to the Most High God in a foreign land, the first that has been erected outside the confines or dependencies of the United States. The cost of the Alberta Temple, including furniture, equipment, lawns, grounds, and in fact the building complete, is seven hundred and eighty-one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ninety cents—over three quarters of a million dollars expended there in completing a house of God, dedicated for sacred purposes. Many of us had the opportunity of attending the sessions, eleven in all, at each of which the dedicatory prayer was read, and remarks were made upon more than one occasion by all of the General Authorities who were in attendance, by many of the officers of the Church, and by many of the people who were there as visitors.

I rejoice in being able to say that the same sweet, peaceful, Godlike and inspiring spirit that I have had the opportunity of enjoying at the dedication of the Logan Temple, of the Manti Temple, of the Salt Lake Temple, and the one in the Hawaiian Islands, was present with us upon all of the occasions when we met in the Alberta Temple. I rejoice that there was a rich outpouring of the spirit of the Lord during all of the eleven sessions that were held in that Temple, and that those who were present partook of that spirit, and that the visitors and the local people were satisfied in their hearts and able to bear witness that the Lord, by the rich outpourings of his Spirit, was with us throughout the sacred services.

There stands out in my mind in the various dedications of temples that I have had the privilege of attending, a feeling of gratitude and thanksgiving to God that I was permitted to be present at these dedications, and to partake of the spirit that was always present. It is the spirit that giveth life, while the letter killeth; and I can testify that the spirit of the living God has been present at the time of the

dedication of each and all of the temples that I have had the great privilege and honor of attending.

Spirits Attuned

If we as Latter-day Saints live the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, our spirits are perfectly attuned, so that we really partake of the inspiration of the living God that is present in the conference gatherings of the Latter-day Saints, and I know that no faithful Latter-day Saint could have been present at Logan, at Manti, at Salt Lake City, in the Hawaiian Islands or in Cardston at the dedication of the several temples but what he or she was thrilled by the spirit of those occasions. No Latter-day Saints has attended any of those sessions who has not gone away with an increased love of God, with an increased desire to serve God, with a renewed determination to more faithfully live the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ that we have espoused.

I call to mind two occasions while in the missionary field that were remarkable to me, for they compared in my affections and in my feelings with the blessed experiences incident to the dedication of these temples. One of them was when we had all of the elders of the British Mission and representatives from some of the other missions of Europe present at Bradford—several hundred missionaries, and we had a spiritual feast. We had what would be called “a red letter day,” spiritually. The Lord God Almighty blessed us abundantly upon that occasion. I call to mind another instance in Rotterdam where many of the missionaries of the Netherlands mission, including Belgium and Holland, and many from the Swiss and German mission were present. Our meeting lasted until midnight, and I am sure that no one of the many elders who were assembled there was the least bit weary because of the length of the meeting. There were tears of gratitude and thanksgiving to the living God for an abiding knowledge and testimony of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged, shed in great profusion upon that occasion. The fear of God was with us, and we rejoiced exceedingly.

Cumora Conference

On the 22nd day of last month we had the privilege—four of the general authorities from this city and one who was located at Brooklyn as the president of the Eastern States Mission, Brother Brigham H. Roberts—of being present at the wonderful conference held at the Joseph Smith farm, in the Sacred Grove, and at the Hill Cumorah, celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of Joseph Smith's first view of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was later translated. A very remarkable conference for three days was held there. A rich outpouring of the spirit of the living God was experienced. I am grateful indeed, to President Brigham H. Roberts for arranging that conference, for I am free to confess, that in the multitude of duties and responsibilities resting upon me, I might have

neglected that one-hundredth anniversary. I feel grateful to Brother Roberts that he did not allow it to pass without a very splendid conference. It was one that each and every person who attended will look back to with that same pleasure and joy and satisfaction with which we look back upon the dedication of our temples, and the passing of other mile-stones, so to speak, in the history of this Church.

In the Sacred Grove

I remarked in the first meeting that we were sorry beyond expression that President Roberts' health was such that he could not be present, that it seemed to me very much like the great play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Brother Roberts had prepared a very remarkable program, covering many episodes and historical matters in connection with the rise of the Church through the one hundred years, nearly, of its history, and there were no words with which we could convey adequately our regret that the man to whom we were indebted for all of these labors could not take a more active part than he did because of his poor health upon that occasion; and yet we rejoiced that he was able to lift up his voice on several occasions during that conference, and also to be present during some of the meetings, although his health was such that he had to withdraw from a few of them before their close. I have expressed, and heard others who were present express sincere and heartfelt regret that the prayer delivered by Brother Roberts in the Sacred Grove on Sunday morning, Sept. 23, was not taken down in writing. I cannot remember when my heart has been more stirred, and when I have had my affection called out to the Lord more perfectly than upon the occasion when Brother Roberts uttered that prayer in the Sacred Grove, where the Lord God Almighty, and where Jesus Christ our Redeemer, had appeared and conversed with the Prophet, or more properly speaking, with the boy Joseph Smith, afterward the Prophet of the Living God.

Faith Increased

We know, of course, that the world doubts that God and Jesus Christ spoke in that grove to Joseph Smith; but there is no Latter-day Saint living who has kept the commandments of God, and has received the witness of the Holy Spirit, that we are engaged in his work, who has any doubt in his or her mind that the Lord God Almighty, that Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, did talk to that boy. And those of us who had the privilege of assembling in that grove Sunday morning, Sept. 23, and partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, in witness to God of our remembrance of the death and suffering, and of the atoning blood of our Redeemer, and who listened to the inspiring words in the prayer of supplication by Brother Roberts, had our faith increased and strengthened, and had our hearts mellowed in gratitude to the living God for the rich outpourings of his spirit at that sacred spot. I believe

that if I had more thoroughly partaken of the spirit of that conference prior to going there, that arrangements would have been made to have had hundreds of the Latter-day Saints present. It was only a very short time prior to this one hundredth anniversary that I felt impressed that I ought to go there. Last May I thought perhaps I would go, but scarcely felt the full inspiration of it. However, just before the conference was to be held, the impression came to me that it would be a very serious mistake if the man whom the Lord had seen fit to honor in placing him to preside over the Church of Christ, established through the instrumentality of that boy who, one hundred and three years ago, conversed with God the Father and the Savior, and one hundred years ago, saw for the first time the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, did not attend that celebration. I was very grateful that two of the Council of the Twelve happened to be in the east at the time, so that they could also be there; and in thinking the matter over I felt that it would be very fitting indeed for one of the blood relatives of the Prophet Joseph Smith to be there at that remarkable celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first view of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was transcribed.

New Inspiration

I have read within the past few weeks what a lot of rot the Book of Mormon is, what an absurd, ridiculous book it is. I want to say that it was my pleasure to be very intimately acquainted with the late William W. Riter, than whom there were few men in all the Church who were greater readers and greater students, and who had more analytical and thoughtful minds. The last time that I heard Brother Riter speak was in a meeting in the ward where I reside. He was a man who read and studied a great deal. Among other things he made the statement, which was greatly to my surprise, that for many years he had read the Book of Mormon through regularly every year. I never dreamed that he would take the time to do so. And he said that he found new inspiration, new uplifting thoughts, that he enjoyed the book, he believed, more each time that he read it than he had previously done. He said that nobody could find anything in that book that was not calculated to uplift mankind, and to improve them; that there was no book that more perfectly inspired a love of the Lord Jesus Christ the Redeemer of the world, by its contents, than did the Book of Mormon; that there was not one single incident, not one paragraph in that whole book, that could offend the most sensitive soul. I have regretted beyond expression that the very remarkable and splendid sermon that he gave that night was not taken down in shorthand.

The Arizona Temple

I am pleased to be able to inform the people that the work on

the Arizona temple is progressing satisfactorily, that next month we hope to lay the corner stone and deposit some records in that stone, and that we hope in the near future to have that building completed for sacred ordinance work.

We are making very extensive improvements, almost completed now, giving greater facilities for taking care of larger numbers of people in the Salt Lake temple. Many of those improvements, however, have had to be made underground because of the conditions that face us. We have made some improvements, also, in the Logan Temple for increased capacity in doing temple work there.

There have been changes in the following missions:

Hugo D. E. Peterson has been made the president of the Swedish Mission, succeeding Gideon E. Hulterstrom.

John S. Hansen has been made president of the Danish Mission succeeding Carl E. Peterson.

Angus T. Wright has been made president of the New Zealand Mission, succeeding George F. Taylor.

Ernest LeRoy Butler has been made president of the Samoa Mission succeeding John Quincy Adams.

Missionaries Safe

Martin A. Robertson has been appointed to succeed Lloyd Ivie as president of the Japan Mission. Brother Ivie has not yet returned. We received a cablegram, however, from him stating that our missionaries in Japan were safe. We have not yet had a letter from him since the terrible catastrophe of earthquake and fire in that land, but we are grateful indeed to the Lord that all of our missionaries in Japan were preserved during the awful calamity that came to that country.

Albert R. Peterson has been made president of the Norwegian Mission, succeeding August S. Schow.

Fred J. Tadge has been made president of the Swiss and German Mission, succeeding Serge F. Ballif.

Charles S. Hyde has been made president of the Netherlands Mission, succeeding John T. Lillywhite.

The work in all of our missions is progressing very favorably indeed. We are thankful for the splendid labors being performed in all of the missions throughout the world. The one cry that comes to us from every mission is: Send us more elders. The people are becoming interested in the work of the Lord. "We could use twice as many elders" is the word that comes from many of the missions.

Impressive Slogan

The Mutual Improvement associations of the Church have an impressive slogan this year. They stand for spiritual growth among the Latter-day Saints through family and secret prayers. I wish to commend the young people for adopting this slogan. I am con-

vinced that one of the greatest and one of the best things in all the world to keep a man true and faithful in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, is to secretly supplicate God in the name of Jesus Christ, for the guidance of his Holy Spirit. I am convinced that one of the greatest things that can come into any home to cause the boys and girls in that home to grow up in a love of God, and in a love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is to have family prayer, not for the father of the family alone to pray, but for the mother and for the children to do so also, that they may partake of the spirit of prayer and be in harmony, be in tune, to have the radio, so to speak, in communication with the Spirit of the Lord. I believe that there are very few that go astray, that very few lose their faith, who have once had a knowledge of the gospel, and who never neglect their prayers in their families, and their secret supplications to God. I am grateful for this slogan. I am also grateful that in addition to this slogan the fifty thousand or more of our young ladies are being requested that they shall, during the next six months, observe rigidly and strictly the Word of Wisdom.

If you or I possessed a letter from the late President Warren G. Harding, I am sure that we would prize it, that we would hold it as a keepsake all the days of our lives, and that we would leave it as a legacy for our posterity—a communication from a man that had been honored by being the president of our great country. Do we ever stop to think that the Creator of heaven and earth, the Maker of all that we see in this great universe, the Father of our spirits, the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ in the spirit and in the flesh, has communicated with us, that he has given us counsel and advice such as will lead us back into his presence, that will give to us vigor of body and of mind?

A Matter of Regret

And yet there are hundreds, there are thousands among the Latter-day Saints to whom the Lord God Almighty has given a testimony and a knowledge that he lives, a knowledge that Jesus is the Christ, a knowledge that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, and who are able to bear that witness and to testify of it at home and abroad who when the Lord God Almighty, the creator of heaven and earth, tells them what is good for them, physically and spiritually, and writes them a letter, neglect to pay any attention to it. I am sorry that today there are many of the sons and daughters of the Latter-day Saints—some of the sons and daughters of leading men and women in this Church, who are having social gatherings and who think that it is smart, that it shows a spirit of liberality and of broadness to drink wine and to have their tea and their coffee and to play their cards, and to do those things that we have been taught are not good for us. I am going to read to you a letter from the Lord to the Latter-day Saints:

“Revelation given through Joseph Smith the Prophet, at Kirtland,

Ohio, February 27, 1833." [Ninety long years ago since the Lord wrote this letter to you and to me, and to every man and woman and child in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, known as the Word of Wisdom. What is there in all the world so valuable as Wisdom? Nothing. The one thing of all others that King Solomon sought after was wisdom.] "Abstinence from wine, strong drink, tobacco and hot drinks enjoined—moderation in the eating of meat—wholesome foods—promises to those who live according to these precepts.

"A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the Saints in Zion.

Given With Promise

"To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the words of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God," [in a letter telling you, telling me the will of God.] "in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days—

"Given for a principle with promise," [don't forget that promise,] "adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints.

"Behold, verily thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation—

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

"And behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make. ,

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

I remember hearing the most eloquent address that I heard during the campaign for prohibition of liquor delivered by Dr. Geisel, a lady who was connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan, and she stated that there were scores and hundreds of doctors that had become absolutely convinced from their scientific investigation, from their personal experience, that alcohol or strong liquors were absolutely worthless as medicine when taken internally, but that they were good for the washing of the body, that there was a stimulating and invigorating effect that those who were sick enjoyed by washing their bodies with alcohol.

Favorably Impressed

I remember after hearing her remarks in the Twenty-first ward Sunday school that morning, that I asked permission to ride to the depot with her in the automobile. She had a watch lying in front of her and agreed to talk within ten minutes of train time. In going to the train I said: "Dr. Geisel, I am delighted to hear that your investigations in America, France and Russia regarding alcohol confirm what we knew seventy-five years ago through a revelation from the Lord to Joseph Smith the Prophet." And I told her of the Word of Wisdom, and she said she was coming back here some time to spend

an entire summer vacation, that she had found so many remarkable things in our faith and our doctrines, that she wanted to investigate them.

"And, again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

"And, again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man—

"Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

"Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly.

"And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

Teachings Confirmed

I remember recently reading that many of the doctors had come to the conclusion that excessive use of meat was one of the great causes of cancer, and of many other of the diseases that are destroying the human race. Year by year the inspiration comes to men through study and research to confirm, one by one, the teachings that came by the inspiration of the living God to Joseph Smith the Prophet of this last dispensation.

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth.

"And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.

"All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—

"Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain."

Now, oh, ye Saints, listen to the promise of the Lord God Almighty in this letter written to you as to what shall be your heritage if you obey these simple words of wisdom:

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

Let me read the last verse once more:

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Benefit of Obedience

In this same book you will find it recorded that there is a law

irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world, upon which every blessing is predicated, and when we receive a blessing we receive it because we fulfil the law upon which the blessing is predicated. I wish to bear my witness here that I believe with all my heart and soul that if I had not obeyed the Word of Wisdom, if I had not kept these commandments, that I would not be standing before you this day as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I believe that I would not be alive but for having obeyed this commandment, but for having fulfilled the law which was irrevocably decreed before the foundation of the world, whereby I was entitled to live.

We have the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have the plan of life and salvation revealed to us—temporal salvation, spiritual salvation. We have the gospel that will bring to us life eternal in the presence of God our Father, Jesus Christ our Redeemer, and of our loved ones who have gone before, who have been faithful.

Rejoice in Testimonies

I thank the Lord God Almighty for the faith, for the integrity, for the devotion to him and the gospel of his Son Jesus Christ in the lives of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I thank the Lord that they were true, even to the day of their martyrdom. I rejoice in the testimonies at the Hill Cumorah, at the Joseph Smith Farm, and in the Sacred Grove, regarding these men. I rejoice in the marvelous integrity and devotion to God of Brigham Young in the days of apostasy, in the days when murder was in the hearts of many who had once been Latter-day Saints. I rejoice that when men said that Joseph Smith was a fallen prophet, Brigham Young was as true as steel, and would have given his life at any time for the Prophet Joseph Smith. I rejoice in the wonderful accomplishments of Brigham Young.

I rejoice in the integrity and devotion to God of John Taylor, of Wilford Woodruff, of Lorenzo Snow, and of Joseph F. Smith with whom I was intimately associated for forty-one years this identical month. I know the hearts of these men. I know the inmost desires of their lives, that which they desired to accomplish, and I know that every one of these men loved God with all his heart, and with all his being, that they all loved the people of God, and that the one and only thing in their heart's desire above everything else in the world, was the advancement of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the spread of it, that men who knew not the truth might learn and accept the plan of life and salvation.

Loyal to Country

I know that their thoughts, their prayers, their ambitions, were all for the good of this people and their advancement, spiritually and morally, intellectually and patriotically. I know as I know that I live that no men ever graced the footstool of God who were more loyal

to their country, who believed more firmly that the Lord God Almighty inspired the men who brought freedom to this country under George Washington and inspired the men who wrote the Constitution of our beloved country. I thank God for these men, and with all the power of my being I pray God that I, having been honored in my weakness and my lack of strength in comparison to them, may lead this people as they did, in that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. I desire to read just two paragraphs from the prayer given at the dedication of the Alberta temple:

"We thank thee, O Father for the knowledge which we possess, that thou dost live, and that thy Son Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, and our Savior, and that thy servant, Joseph Smith, Jr., was and is a prophet of the true and living God. And, O Father, may we ever be true and faithful to the gospel of thy Son Jesus Christ, revealed through thy servant Joseph.

"We especially pray thee, O Father in heaven, to bless the youth of thy people in Zion and in all the world. Shield them from the adversary and from wicked and designing men. Keep the youth of thy people, O Father, in the straight and narrow path that leads to thee, preserve them from the pitfalls and snares that are laid for their feet. O Father, may our children grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord Jesus Christ. Give unto them a testimony of the divinity of this work as thou hast given it unto us, and preserve them in purity, and in the truth."

And I say unto you, O fathers in Israel; if you will set an example by being honest before God in the payment of your tithes, if you will observe the Word of Wisdom, if you will observe your family and your secret prayers, God will give you the strength to preserve the youth of Zion as mentioned in this supplication.

May the Lord bless us and pour out upon us richly his Holy Spirit during this conference, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

You'll Find What You Look For

Never let a person's failings
Make you to his virtues blind;
Good you'll find in all about you
If you're trying good to find.

Ere you judge another's actions,
Or against him you decide,
Place yourself in his position,
This will be your surest guide.

You can never hate a person,
Unless you have wronged him, too;
Then be careful in your judgment,
For the fault may be in you.

Life is but a truthful mirror
Which reflects the inner you,
If you'd find it full of pleasure
You must to yourself be true.

Mesa, Arizona

Ethel R. Lillywhite.

SOME WORKINGS OF LAW

BY WILLIAM M. DAINES

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in the heavens, upon which every blessing is predicated."—Doctrine & Covenants.

Alfred Haywood was puzzled. Yes, and distressed extremely. He had just received a call from the sheriff, who had served a summons attached to a "Complaint in foreclosure" from the Real Estate Mortgage and Loan Corporation, which meant that his fifty acre tract would be taken from him. He had placed a mortgage of \$1000 upon the tract three years ago, in order to buy the ten acres adjoining his forty acres, and which was conservatively valued at \$7,500 at the time of the mortgage, but because of shrinkage in values since, owing to changed conditions in the country, could not be sold now, if at all, for more than \$5,000. True he would be given a year in which to redeem it, but what with the low comparative selling prices of his grain and hay, and the cost of high living that his family had become used to, (and thought they could not do without) including the expenses of the beautiful and luxurious automobile; the \$500 still due on the auto; the absolute necessity of an addition to the barn to say nothing of the installing of the water system in the home they had so counted on; of what value or advantage would the year be as far as the prospect of redemption was concerned?

Besides, the costs of the suit, including unpaid interest and taxes and the large attorney's fees now allowed by the courts, would bring up the amount to not less than \$1,400. When he had signed the note and mortgage that bound him to pay "reasonable attorney's fees in case of foreclosure," the fees allowed were not more than 50% of those allowed now.

And besides, did he not dismiss the thought of ever having to pay these expenses when reading them over before signing, because of the easy money he saw in prospect, not only from the potatoes he was going to raise on the ten acres, but from the grain that was to bring him \$2.50 to \$3 per bushel that would be raised on the forty acres? And if he could not raise the semi-annual interest of \$45 and pay the taxes as they came due, because of the cost of high living and operation, how could he expect to raise the \$1,400 and accrued interest within the year?

And it was the failure the past year to pay the taxes and interest that had brought on the foreclosure suit; for although the mortgage itself was not due for another seven years, there was a clause in the mortgage, as in all real estate mortgages, that failure to pay interest or taxes when due, would give the right to the mortgagee, "upon his option, to declare the full amount of the mortgage due and payable and to proceed to collect the same by foreclosure and sale, according to the law in such cases made and provided," etc.

True, he might have foregone that trip last season by auto through the Yellowstone National Park, and paid off these bills, but he had the auto, and the family certainly deserved this outing; for Mrs. Ballett and Mrs. Piedmont and others were going, and his family needed the trip as well as they, and had worked as hard. And, the mortgage company need not have been in such a hurry any way, for did it not have ample security? And what was it to anybody else but himself if he did let his taxes go delinquent, for the extra penalty and interest would ultimately be paid by him and nobody else? And why need the lawyers get in their "whack" on him?

With these resentful thoughts adding materially to his discomfort, Mr. Haywood walked into the house only to find "added fuel to the flame." For there stood his eldest daughter, Mabel, dressed in her latest silk party gown ready to go out to the dance to be held that evening in the "Select Dance Hall," (that welcomed anybody who could pay the \$1 per couple for admission) and tearfully complaining "that she had worn that old dress three times now, and it was high time that she should have another so that Banker Jones' daughter who was not half as good looking as she could not put it over her, as she had been trying to do."

And as Mabel finished her complaint and demand, in came a telephone from Paul, that he had just had an accident with the auto on the state road, and "couldn't Daddy just phone to Peebles' garage and ask them to tow him in, for they refused to do so unless Daddy requested it and would be responsible for the \$5 charges?" "Yes, it had damaged the car considerably, for that idiot, Pete Canning, was drunk I guess and wouldn't give his share of the road. Yes, he says I was to blame, but I'll show him when it comes into court, for I have plenty of witnesses that I am right. What did you say? Didn't I know that court actions are expensive? Well, I guess they are, but old Pete can't put it over on me if it does cost something!"

After making the necessary request of the garage people, Mr. Haywood refrained from any comment, feeling much too troubled and concerned to give way to words before his family, for he had profound respect as well as love for his wife; and although he always confided in her and sought her counsel in material matters, and usually went ahead only after they had mutually agreed as to the wisdom of the undertaking, it now came vividly to his remembrance that they had disagreed for some time about buying the ten acres and giving the mortgage; and that her consent to the transaction was only half-hearted and clearly in deference to his persistence and anxiety. So that now he very much dreaded to speak of the foreclosure suit to her, especially at this time when the unwise actions of their older children were so much in evidence.

Besides, Mrs. Haywood was busy trying to pacify Mabel, and preparing the evening meal, and left her husband to his thoughts, and did not notice his worried attitude, so that without particularly noticing him, except that he was not getting ready for Priesthood meeting, she awakened him from his reverie by asking rather sharply, "if he did not know it was nearly meeting time, and he did not think he ought to eat before going?" for when he left it till after meeting to have supper, he not only missed having the meal with the family, (which she considered very undesirable) but also compelled her to work far into the night with the necessary after-supper work.

"What did you say, Mary? Am I not going to Priesthood meeting tonight? Well I guess I ought to go, but with so many troubles coming all at once, I haven't looked at the lesson. I think I'll leave it up to Brother Smith to take the class and give the lesson, and I'll go see what the damage is to the auto."

Mr. Haywood then informed her of the pending suit, and repeated that he would not go to meeting, "for it seems that my troubles are becoming about all I can stand, and I don't believe I could enjoy meeting tonight with all these matters on my mind, and I ought to go and look after that fool auto matter anyway."

"Don't you think, Alfred," said his wife, "that Paul and the Peebles can look after the car, and if you went to meeting and Brother Smith gave the lesson, you might get some inspiration from it to help you stand these

trials, if not some means of avoiding the calamities that seem to be coming on to us faster and faster?"

"Oh, drat it, Mary, you are fast becoming a regular scold."

"No, I'm not, John. If I'm to be a true wife to you, I think it is one of my duties to stir you up in remembrance of your obligations to yourself, in the Church. Paul will not be able to go with you to the meeting as he should, and I think it would be a shame for you to begin seeking excuses to stay away. Your example should be everything to your boy, and I notice lately he has excused himself from Sunday meetings entirely, because you neglect to go so much of the time. The Bishop asked us yesterday to be sure and remind our husbands and sons of the meeting to-night, and I think you ought to go."

"Well, Mary, to please you, I'll go to meeting tonight and call at the garage on the way home, and look at the auto, but I don't expect to get all out of it that you think I should, for we study religion in meetings, not business."

With that, and after having eaten a hasty supper, Alfred made his way to meeting, not with thoughts, however, of the good that he might obtain from the lesson, but with anxiety for bills to be met and with fears of a financial crisis, if not absolute failure, and the loss of most if not all of his hard-earned accumulations.

Quite different were the thoughts of his wife as she cleared away the supper dishes, and prepared the smaller children for bed, which included the never-failing prayer at her knee before retiring. She thought of the present home life compared with the years immediately following Alfred's return from his mission to the Hawaiian Islands, when Paul and Mabel were little tots and had been content to be tucked away. She was now tucking away her two youngest, leaving the older girl to wash and put away the dishes, but Mabel at the dance and Paul with the damaged auto! (This about Paul's and Mabel's present whereabouts with a shudder). She thought how proud she was of Alfred's ability and willingness to teach the gospel, then; of how he sustained the ward and stake authorities, and was honored by them; of how hard he had worked to get the comfortable home and splendid surroundings, and his apparent success. But with this success, how he began neglecting his meetings, pleading need for rest of urgent work as excuses; how he had lately as tonight neglected to call the family to evening prayer while they were all there at supper time; and, through this change, had often neglected it altogether; how the Church authorities had been obliged to release him, first from one calling, then another, because of his plea "that his work would not permit him spending the necessary time to perform the labor in a suitable manner and others with less to attend to were willing to do the work;" until now, all that was asked of him was to lead the class of Seventies in the regular Monday evening Priesthood meeting in the study of the lesson, and he was now caring so little for that, that Brother Smith had been asked to assist and was having to do the most of it lately.

Oh, would he throw himself out of all Church service, and would he gradually go from one condition to another, till he would be found finding fault with the Lord's constituted authorities, and destroy the family's cherished hopes of an exaltation. For did not the Prophet say that the first step to apostasy is the neglect of a known duty, and was not fault-finding a sure sign of its progression.

With these serious and disquieting thoughts, came a yearning that something might be done to stem the current of events, that seemed to be carrying them to this dreaded and dreadful condition.

But what could be done? She had first counseled against the stand

Alfred had taken against continued service, although his plea that his "three years in the Islands should be sufficient service to the Church for a while, at least," had been hard for her to answer.

Then when these conditions increased, she had pleaded with him not to throw away all the progress he had made, but he had been cross and resentful with her, and for some time she had not said much along these lines, in order to avoid contention in the home.

But tonight these other alarming and dreadful financial difficulties had compelled her attention, and she had spoken again, first to be resented by Alfred, and then to be partially acquiesced in by him, and he had done as she wished and gone to meeting, if not to take his place as teacher, at least to participate in the lesson.

And as many times before when sorely tired and perplexed, Mary had gone into her bed chamber and in secret poured out her heart unto the Lord and got encouragement and solace therefrom, she now sought the Lord in secret prayer, that she might have the inspiration from the Lord, that her fears might be groundless; or that something might occur that would open Alfred's eyes to the impending danger; and also that they might be able to see and know the reason of their financial troubles and be given strength and wisdom to overcome them and avert the impending financial disaster.

Meantime, Alfred listened to the discussion of the class on the subject of "Patriarchal Blessings" with only partial attention; in fact taking but little part in the discussion.

For, with the announcing of the subject of the lesson his thoughts at once reverted to the blessing given him by the stake patriarch when he was in his teens, and which he was so enthusiastic over, that it took all the self-control he could muster to obey the injunction of the good man, that "these promises are for you, for your individual benefit, not for the public," and not let his chums and all others who would listen know of the precious promises made to him.

And he began wondering why these promises were not being fulfilled the past few years, as they had been from the time they were given, through the period of his young manhood, his young married life, and during his mission, and a short time after. For certainly a number of the promises had been literally fulfilled and none possible of fulfilment because of the time indicated in the blessing had failed till the past few years. "What could be the reason for this? Did the good man overreach himself and add promises he was not inspired to make, or what is the matter?"

The discussion had gone along similar lines to his thoughts, and some very pointed questions had been asked, and discussed, but only partially answered. At least they had not been answered to the entire satisfaction of Alfred and he was becoming plainly worried over the matter. For the events of the day and evening were pressing hard upon him, and he was beginning to doubt his ability to solve the financial problems that were pressing for adjustment by his own strength and wisdom, and did not want to give way to doubts on spiritual matters if he could help doing so. For he had testified many times of his knowledge of God's Latter-day work, and had been a teacher of the people in many capacities. To doubt now would not only stultify himself but would destroy all his hopes for the future and make him miserable indeed.

And partially realizing this a feeling of humility came over him, and with a mental prayer for Divine help (could it have been at the same time that his dear wife was engaged in her secret supplications), he asked Brother Anderson, an aged high priest, who had come into the class, attracted by parts of the discussion that he had overheard, if he could not throw light

upon the subject and clear up the questions that had been only partly answered.

This good brother had filled several missions, and important positions in the Church, and was looked up to as a safe exponent of the principles of the gospel.

This request being seconded by the class leader, Brother Anderson quoted the passage from the Doctrine and Covenants, that opens this narrative, and further explained that all blessings that are promised by the Lord, either through the patriarchs or through other means, are on conditions, not only of faithfulness to our sacred covenants, and obedience to those placed by the Lord to advise, counsel, and direct us in our duties and obligations, but also on condition that we comply with the particular law upon which the coveted blessings are predicated.

"But," said Elder Jackson, "I understand that we are promised financial success if we pay our tithing, and I know of many men not of our Church who do not pay any tithing who are prospered financially much more than any in our community who are good tithe payers."

"Yes; that is so, but we must remember that the Lord has told us also that 'Where much is given much is required. We have received added light and knowledge and have made covenants to serve the Lord and keep all his commandments, and he sometimes withholds things from us because of our lack of obedience, and permits reverses to come to us, not only as a punishment, but also as a means to bring us to a realization of our true position before him, which should bring repentance and a return to faithfulness.

"Besides, a financial success does not always mean financial blessing, for in order that it be a blessing, it must be so to the extent that we are capable of receiving and controlling, so that it will add to our faith and the faith and well being spiritually as well as temporally of those dependent upon us, and whose progress here and hereafter is so dear to our hearts.

"Then also, those who obtain much wealth, either Church members or non-Church members, do so through obedience to sound financial principles, not otherwise. Sometimes for punishment, for disregarding counsel, the Lord withdraws his inspiration in temporal matters, and our judgment is taken away, and we do things, little things, foolish things, that change success into defeat, and we hardly know what has happened except that we have met with loss and not with the expected gain; while doing the thing just a little different would have brought gain and not loss."

The usual exclamations, "I for one would like to be tried with more riches than I have," "I don't see why I could not profitably have a great deal more than I have now," etc., were heard from members of the class and after questions were asked and answered as to the working of other principles, to the observance of which specific blessings are promised, as the observance of the Word of Wisdom the keeping of the Sabbath day holy, etc., the lesson was concluded.

The discussion had awakened such a train of thought in the mind of Alfred Haywood, that he scarcely realized that he was requested to prepare the lesson for the next meeting, and when meeting was dismissed he seemed to go out in a dazed condition. He forgot all about calling at the garage to see the damaged auto, and upon arriving at his home, was startled out of his apparent dreaming, by hearing his wife exclaim, "Why Alfred, what on earth is the matter? You look like something dreadful has happened."

"No, dear," he answered, "not dreadful but wonderful."

"Well, what can it be?" she said in her anxiety, not waiting for him to explain, so wrought up was she from the day's experiences, and now Alfred's strange actions and words.

"I have had an awakening, thank the Lord. I now see the course I

have been pursuing for so long past; and to think that you have tried to enlighten me so many times and I was so deaf to your pleadings! I wonder if you can ever forgive me and have the same confidence in me that you had a few years ago?"

"Of course, I can, if there is anything to forgive and any need of a renewal of confidence. But what is it all, and how has it come about?"

"Oh," said Alfred, "will it be possible to save ourselves from the threatened loss of property, which does not seem of nearly the consequence that it did a few hours ago? And of infinitely more importance, can I retrace my steps, merit the confidence of my brethren and the continued blessings of the Lord, and oh, can we stop the foolish and wayward course of our dear Paul and Mabel, and turn them toward the light and keep our other children from treading the same dangerous way that my foolish actions have started our older children in?"

"God grant it might be so!" reverently exclaimed Mary. "But do tell me all about it, that I may rejoice with you and help in whatever there is to do for our future happiness and advancement."

"Thank the Lord for you, my precious real helpmate," said Alfred as he kissed her and lead her to a seat beside him on the davenport. "And now I must tell you all, if it takes me till morning. For you are entitled to full explanation and confidence."

Then he recounted all his experiences of the day, his attitude on going to meeting, and as nearly as possible the outline of the discussion as it proceeded in the class; and his thoughts and feelings while the discussion were going on, and the explanations that were made by Elder Anderson.

"Oh, how I do thank the Lord, Alfred, for this awakening. I have prayed so long for it. And now it has come, I can hardly realize it. But, come, let us go to rest and in the morning see if we cannot start off on a new (or rather former) track and try and retrieve that which has been lost."

"I am afraid that will be a long journey, dear, for the law seems inexorable, that "whatsoever you sow, that also shall you reap." And if you are not too tired, I should like to make the full confession of my past errors and the explanation of the results of my actions as they have come to me in this inspiration."

"Very well, dear, but make it as short as you can, for it is now growing late."

"Well, to begin with, I now realize that my attitude soon after my return from my mission, that my three years' missionary service was all that ought to be expected of me for a while, was altogether wrong. Had I taken it right, I would have known that the mission was an opportunity, and that it should have made me more anxious than ever to work in the service of the Lord. Did he not give all, yes, his very life, that we in connection with all our Father's children might have eternal life? How infinitesimal the little I can do, by constant labor, in comparison."

"Then, as I see it now, how ridiculous my excuse for staying away from sacrament meetings so much, on the plea of the necessity of rest, when that is a part of the program of the Lord to give us rest, through the refreshing of his Spirit."

"Yes, Alfred, and I wondered so much that you could not see it that way, for I always came home from a good meeting rested and invigorated, and more ready for my Monday's work than I did when I gave in to your suggestions to stay at home and get a hot dinner."

"I can see it now. Then my next big mistake was when I went into debt for the auto, I hadn't been to conference when the President spoke against going into debt, and though I read a synopsis of it in the papers

and knew in general what the advice was, the reading did not convey the inspiration under which he spoke, and I did not get it."

"Besides, others of our friends (you know them) were having their good times running around, hither and thither, in their fine cars, and my pride coupled with the importunities of the children, made me reckless, I guess, and I felt that, come what may, those neighbors should not out-do me and neither should their children have more advantages or pleasures than mine."

"The result; I disobeyed the counsel of the Lord, saddled us with an expense that our income would not justify; took Paul and me away from our farm work many parts of days, that resulted in loss of revenue that was so much needed; and contributed to the vanity and recklessness of our children."

"But, why in the world did we not see it then? I confess that the allurements blinded me as well as you. Why, oh, why, did we not know better?"

"The only way I can figure it out is, that through neglect I had made myself unworthy of the right inspiration."

"You will remember that the year before, I had kept putting off the payment of our tithing, till I found myself at the end of the year with not a fourth of it paid; and with taxes to be paid, and the inducement that was offered of \$1 a ton discount on our coal if bought all at once in December, I used up all our ready cash and just let it go at that; instead of selling something off the farm or borrowing it for a few weeks until the payment would come in from what a neighbor was owing us. When Jed did pay instead of paying the tithing as we should, I used it to make the first payment on the auto, that has, to say the least, not proved a blessing to us. And ever since, from one excuse and another our tithing has not been paid in full."

"And I can see now where many times, through lack of judgment, or of care, or of foresight, losses here and there have come, that many times exceed the amount of tithing I should have paid, that I did not pay. You will remember how I turned the cows into the alfalfa that morning after the frost and three of them died, worth fully \$75 each; then the fine, two-year-old colt that had to be killed because it broke its leg in that old bridge across the canal that runs through our land. It was well worth \$125 and I had seen that hole in the bridge more times than one and intended fixing it, but did not do so notwithstanding it wouldn't have taken over an hour's work and a dollar's worth of material. And then, to cap the climax, I bought that ten acres at fully double the price that it would bring today, if there was any sale for it, which there is not."

"But, Alfred, that was the price offered by others and many were increasing their holdings then, because prices were so good, and it appeared that then was the chance, if ever, to increase ours to the amount that you and Paul could care for. Why blame yourself for that?"

"It was increasing our debts, contrary to counsel, and the outcome shows that if we had sought and obtained divine guidance, we would not have bought it."

"Besides, last year we were strongly advised, almost pleaded with, to plant sugar beets and because we received a fair price for our potatoes, the year before, what must I do but plant potatoes again and realize hardly enough to pay for digging them; while beets proved a very profitable crop, especially with the two or three bonuses we have received."

"Then, I fear, there was a little resentment against planting beets, even with me, for I had listened to so many insinuate that the inspiration back of the advice to plant beets was the personal financial interests of the advisers

who were supposed to own sugar stock, that I fear I was somewhat influenced by them; though I know now as I have always known that I have never received counsel from our Church leaders, on any question, but what was safe to follow and would bring good and not evil to all concerned."

"Well, you seem pretty thoroughly convinced now of the right course to pursue; but your evidence that you present to me seems to be mostly of the negative character. I mean the results of disobedience. Have you nothing positive to offer? It seems necessary to have some of this to make it entirely convincing."

This from Mary seemed unnecessary to Alfred, as on most points of the questions involved, she had seemed convinced all along; although she had thoroughly enjoyed the auto rides, and especially the extended trips to the Park, and to distant parts, visiting relatives and friends.

But Alfred was quick to answer:

"If our own experience, both 'before and after,' is not sufficient, just consider Brother Downing. I heard the Bishop say not long ago, that he believed that if any member of the Church paid an honest tithing, Brother Downing is the man; 'for,' he said, 'he seems to tithe everything that comes to him in property of every kind, as well as cash, and I never knew him to go in debt for anything. He would go without very desirable things first.'"

"Well, what of him, he does not seem to me to be such a success? He certainly hasn't got nearly as much property as we have."

"But what he has is paid for, and he has no fears of foreclosure or other suits, and he has no 'duns,' camouflaged as statements, to worry him every month. Besides, his family are well housed and always well dressed, even if they don't excite the envy of the banker's daughter by following the extreme fashions. Then he has sustained two of his sons on quite long missions, and I heard the other day that his daughter Amy was called and that she intends going right away. I fear that if Paul or Mabel were called, we would at least have to ask for quite a delay in order to get enough means to even start them out, and it would be questionable whether we could keep them in the mission field long enough for them to get really interested in the work; and I have noticed that a large percentage of those who have to come home before they have been there from one and one-half to two years are very tired with everything and everybody and it is very hard indeed to induce them to do further work in the Church."

"You never hear of Brother Downing losing any cattle or horses in a careless way, and he didn't buy land when the price was out of sight, but waited till he could pay for it and then got it at a reasonable figure."

"You don't say he has been buying land now?"

"Yes, he bought twenty acres last week, better land than the ten acres we bought and at less than half the price, as he had cash to pay for it."

"Well, now we see our true situation I hope matters will go more smoothly."

"I do not know how soon, dear. It does seem, that as far as finances go, it is "death-bed repentance" on my part, but with your help I am going to make the struggle, seek forgiveness, and retrace our footsteps the best way possible to save ourselves, and our dear children, and, the Lord being willing, what we can of our property."

"Yes, Alfred, it will be a long, hard struggle, and if we can get back in four or five years to where we were that long ago, oh, how thankful I will be!"

And indeed the outlook was somewhat discouraging. For it is so easy to go into debt; but it requires long struggle and economy to live and pay. It is easy to let the youth fed by vanity and pleasure-seeking go the

way of their inclinations, but it takes tact and patience and "love unfeigned" to draw them back to the straight and narrow path of service and seeking after the Lord.

They will find it very difficult at times to keep their feet firmly planted, in following the path they know must be trodden in order to fully succeed in their renewed determination. The insistent demands of creditors and the needs and importunities of loved ones are so much more personal, and in a way seem more tangible, than are the laws and promises of the Lord, that often before they fully realize what they are doing, their income will be promised or spent before it gets into their hands. They will find themselves trying to excuse themselves from fully meeting their obligations to the Lord, on the plea that he is merciful and long-suffering. They forget that it was their own lack of obedience that brought their present condition.

But they know the way, if they only can follow it; and with faith and humility, and the courage and determination that were in evidence during the first few weeks of Alfred's awakening, there is reason to hope that their success is fully assured.

Preston, Idaho

M. I. A. Slogan

We stand for divine guidance through individual and family prayer.

What relief, in time of sorrow,
Through our prayers sweet peace to borrow
From our heavenly Father, through his mercy and his love;
'Tis a joy beyond all measure,
Far above all earthly treasure,
'Tis the means of sweet communion from above.

When our days are full of trouble,
And our trials seem to double,
When the path ahead is dark and full of gloom;
There's no need to sit repining,
For the sun will soon be shining,
If we'll only kneel in secret prayer within our room.

Or, in time of real rejoicing,
We can put our thoughts in voicing,
Sending thanks and praise unto our Mighty God.
It will strengthen us and brighten,
And our burdens it will lighten,
And 'twill help us to hold firmly to the rod.

For our M. I. A. stands ready;
A hundred thousand youth so steady;
'Tis their slogan, and they'll live it day by day.
It will keep them all from sinning,
It will be a fine beginning
For each youth of Zion now must learn to pray.

Mesa, Arizona

Ida R. Alldredge

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE

BY J. ARTHUR HORNE

Attorney James Brown stood on the sidewalk of Sixth Avenue and gazed at the half-finished structure which was to be his home. Busy workmen were engaged with hammer and trowel on various parts of the building; while great piles of brick and stone, lumber, and shining slabs of marble were strewn about the grounds indicating the palatial nature of this modern dwelling. While the lawyer stood there enjoying this scene of activity a smile overspread his handsome features. This was the fulfilment of one of his dreams—to have one of the finest homes in the city. Success was perching upon his banner now. In the early years of his struggle he had prayed for success. It had come slowly at first, but finally by patient effort and the influence of friends he had reached the goal at last. Providence, he concluded, had had nothing to do with it.

A man in a dark suit, evidently the architect in charge, came out of the building and joined the lawyer on the sidewalk.

"Billings, I have to leave for the coast this afternoon. The Oil Lands case has been called for the first week in October, and I'm not half ready. I will probably be gone all winter."

"We'll not be through here before the latter part of April, anyway, Mr. Brown, so you'll likely be back before we finish the interior," replied the architect. "The city department gave us the house number this morning. It is 914."

The lawyer took from his pocket a small note book and jotted down the number.

"Don't slight anything, Billings, even if it goes a little over the estimate. A man builds only one house like this in a lifetime." And so saying the great lawyer turned and entered his waiting automobile and was driven away.

The same morning that this incident occurred another James Brown also stood on the sidewalk in front of his home. He, too, was going away to try his fortune in another state. Thus far success had not perched upon his banner. No automobile was to take him to the railroad station. No huge retaining fee had been sent him to insure the success of his venture. He was not thinking of the grandeur of his home, but of the sweet-faced, blue-eyed woman who stood in the doorway with a baby in her arms to have a final parting word with her husband ere he left for the mines in Nevada. "Don't take any risks, Jim," she said. "Better a whole skin than taking a chance on your life."

"Don't worry, Alice, I'll be back safe and sound, never fear. Kiss Jamie and Winnie and Ted for me when they come home from

school and tell them Daddy expects some little letters to come along with yours." With a wave of his hand he turned and walked briskly away.

Alice turned to her household duties with a heavy heart. She loved her husband dearly and missed him when he went away. In their earlier married life she had accompanied him to several of the camps where he worked as an assayer, but since the children were old enough to attend school she had been compelled to stay at home. Jim was a steady worker and having no bad habits they had always had plenty for their needs, and had managed to lay aside a little in the bank with the hopes of some day buying a home of their own.

Jim's first letter from Nevada told of a change in his plans. "I've decided to take a lease," he wrote. "There's a fine fellow here named Bill Stauffer who will go with me. The mining company agrees to furnish transportation to the railroad for our ores at the same rate they pay for their own. I see no reason why we shouldn't clean up a bunch of money." Later letters confirmed this hopeful view, and under date of Dec. 4, 1919, he wrote:

"We have found some more rich pockets of ore. We have about 15 tons on the dump that runs 160 ounces in silver and 45% lead. At present prices this should bring us nearly \$2,000 apiece. As soon as we get 20 or 25 tons we'll make a shipment, and I'll come in with it."

The last few words thrilled Alice more than any thought of the money. Two thousand dollars sounded good, but the idea of soon seeing Jim again overshadowed everything else. She sang at her work, and when the children came home from school she took them in her arms one at a time and hugged them with delight.

"Papa's coming home soon, children," she told them. The little ones took hold of hands and circled about in high glee singing in their sweet, childish voices, "Daddy's coming home again! Daddy's coming home again!" Then Jamie stood on his head and Ted turned somersaults—all because daddy was coming home.

Just before Christmas, however, came the first letter of disappointment. "Well, dearie, I guess I can't come home for awhile yet, after all. We're snowed in for the winter. It started snowing Thursday and kept it up until last night. The dugway down to the camp is drifted level with the mountain. We'll have to store our ore in the tunnel until the road clears in the spring. This morning we struck another pocket that looks like it ought to be good for four or five tons.

"Christmas will be a bit lonesome, but maybe it'll be the last one I'll have to spend away from home."

By spring Jim figured they had nearly \$20,000 worth of ore stored in the tunnel. Already the price of silver had begun to decline. A feeling of uncertainty pervaded the mining industry. Everywhere the highgrade ores were rushed to the smelter.

"The snow is melting rapidly," Jim wrote in March. "We expect to get a wagon through within a week and start our ore to the railroad. Just think, dearie, nearly \$10,000 for us. It means a home and maybe a small car. I don't care so much about the car if I can just see you in your own home with a nice bathroom, and a piano for Winnie to take lessons on."

Silver continued its downward course and lead began to follow. "We can't get the mining company to furnish us a single team to move our ore," he wrote in April. "They're so anxious to get their own ore to the smelter they don't give a hang about us. They keep promising but never do anything. This is terrible. Our ore has shrunk to half its value and still not a pound has been moved. I'm going to strike out for one of the ranches across the valley in the morning and see if I can get a team and wagon."

Later he wrote that he had secured the much-needed team for the trifling sum of \$10 a day. "Had I known the mining company was going to treat us like this I would have hired this team a month ago. Well, never mind, sweetheart, the ore will still net us several thousand dollars. I guess we are not the only ones who are hard hit by the slump; the mines are closing down all around here."

A few days later Alice beheld a blue-coated messenger boy dismount from his bicycle in front of her house and come up the walk. With trembling fingers she signed for the telegram and hastened into her bedroom to read it:

Lone Pine Mountain, Nevada, May 19, 1920.

Mrs. James Brown

914 Sixth East St., City.

Jim injured hauling ore. Will reach city four-thirty today.

Wm. Stauffer.

Alice crushed the telegram in her hands and offered a silent prayer that Jim's injuries would not prove serious. She was nearly wild with uncertainty and dread. Why did telegrams have to be so cruelly brief? If she only knew the extent of his injuries it would not be so bad, but the uncertainty allowed her imagination to run riot, and she pictured him in all sorts of mangled conditions. One thought alone comforted her—she would see him soon again. At this thought she sprang up and began a hasty tidying of the rooms. She put clean sheets on the bed and made up the fire so that everything would be in readiness upon his arrival. As soon as the children came home from school she got them ready and took them with her to the depot, leaving the baby, however, in the care of a neighbor.

The first thing that caught her eye when she stepped off the street car at the depot was a white ambulance backed up before the doorway. The telegram had not said anything about providing such a thing for Jim; it must be for someone else. Just the same she felt irresistibly

drawn toward the ambulance and approaching the driver she asked, "Are you waiting for someone coming in on the train?"

"Yes, a miner got hurt out in Nevada. He's comin' in on the 4:30." Her heart sank. Poor Jim! How he must be suffering! She turned to the driver with one more question.

"Do you happen to know the man's name?"

"No, they didn't tell me that. They just said to meet the 4:30 and bring back a miner that got hurt out in Nevada." He must have seen the look of apprehension on her face for he asked kindly, "Was you expectin' somebody sick on this train?"

"Yes," she said, "my husband. He was injured hauling ore, but I do not know how badly. I was not expecting this," indicating the ambulance. She had hard work to keep back the tears. The children must not see mother cry. By an effort she controlled herself, and taking a little hand in each of hers they went into the waiting room.

When the train pulled in Alice was standing with the children on the platform, and when it came to a stop she eagerly scanned the car exits for sight of her husband. Presently she saw the white-coated driver of the ambulance approach one of the cars and she hurried over to him. A man on a stretcher was being carried down the car steps. One hand dangled limply over the edge of the stretcher, and Alice barely suppressed a cry. She stood beside the injured man as he was lowered to the platform. Yes, it was Jim, his face only half visible beneath the bandages. She almost flung herself on the stretcher. "O Jim, Jim, what has happened? Are you badly hurt?" He smiled wanly, and she tried to take his head in her arms. A groan escaped his lips as her hands went under his head and she quickly withdrew them. "Oh, did I hurt you? Forgive me, forgive me, I hardly know what I'm doing."

"It's his back, Mrs. Brown," said a kindly voice. She glanced up into the face of a stalwart man in the garb of a miner. "I'm Bill Stauffer; I guess you've heard of me. Them cuts on his face don't amount to nothin'. You see the rough-lock broke comin' down the steep road; he had to turn the horses up the mountain an' the load tipped over. If it wasn't for his back he'd be fit as any man in a few days."

The children began to cry when they saw their father lying there so limp and helpless. The injured man raised his right hand and patted Winnie's dark curls. His voice was low—almost a whisper. "Don't you cry, children, Daddy'll be all right pretty soon." This comforted them. Thus strong is the faith of childhood. Not so with Alice; his grave words only added to her grief.

The big miner and the chauffeur carried Jim to the waiting ambulance and he was driven away to the hospital. Half an hour later Alice was seated beside her husband's cot in the hospital awaiting the arrival of the doctor.

And the next morning's paper which contained among the local

items a brief account of Jim Brown's accident had blazoned forth on the front page a picture of the state's noted lawyer James Brown and an accompanying article telling of his success in winning the first of his Oil Land cases in California.

We need not follow Jim and Alice throughout the long, hot days of summer while Jim lay in his plaster cast at the hospital, hoping and praying for the return of his health. In a way they were happy days, for not since their honeymoon had they been so much in each other's company. They were lovers once more with four additional knots binding their hearts together.

At last the day came when the cast was removed and Jim once more stood upon his feet free from its hateful pressure. He turned and twisted his body about to make sure that his cure was complete. "Thank God there's no pain now," he said fervently.

"Maybe it's all for the best, Jim," Alice returned with shining, tear-stained eyes as she watched him walk about the little room. Providence has queer ways of doing things sometimes, you know."

"Yes," he said, and he stopped to look intently into the blue eyes, "Providence did me a good turn when it led me to your father's door, for no man ever had a sweeter wife than you have been to me, dear."

Throughout all this trying period Alice's faith and trust in God had never wavered, but now it seemed as if all things conspired together to break her spirit. When Jim left the hospital he entered the great army of unemployed who walked the streets of our cities from the fall of 1920 until the spring of 1922. Mines were closing down or running only part time; stores and factories were cutting their forces; building was almost at a standstill; and gaunt poverty and distress were on every hand. The twelve hundred dollars which Jim had received as his portion of the mining venture was about exhausted when his hospital and doctor bills were paid. Still their hearts were brave when they returned to their humble home on Sixth East, and Jim set out early the next morning to try and find employment.

The first person he encountered was Joe Sanders, a brother assayer. "Still with the King Company, Joe?" Jim asked.

"No, they closed down two months ago. Didn't you know?"

"I hadn't heard. I've been in the hospital, so I guess I'm not up on the latest news. What are you driving at now?"

"Hunting another job," Joe answered. "And you?"

"Same thing. Are jobs really that scarce?"

"I'll say they are." They wished each other luck and passed on. Jim called in at several assay offices where he was well known and in each of them he found men seeking employment. At first he was not discouraged. He was a good assayer and had never before experienced any difficulty getting a position. As the days wore on, however, the full extent of the mining collapse became apparent.

"I guess I'll have to find some other kind of work," he told Alice when he returned after the third day's trial. "There seems to be more assayers than the market requires." Poor Jim! In the next few days he was to learn that there were more men in every line of work than the market required. Night after night, footsore and weary, he dragged his way homeward. Their small savings dwindled rapidly and were finally wiped out. Not once in all this trying period did his brave little wife fail to greet him with a smile and whisper words of encouragement when he left the door.

The first work he got was helping a man clean out a store that had just been vacated by a shoe company. For this he received fifty cents. Then he got three days' work helping unload coal at one of the coal yards and was paid a ton of coal, which he was thankful to get. His grocer, Mr. Gibson, gave him a job cleaning out the back room and basement of the store and cutting up a pile of boxes into kindling wood. For this work he was given credit for twelve dollars on account. In six weeks he had received in actual cash in hand the total sum of fifty cents.

"Things will soon take a turn for the better, I am sure," Alice said when he reviewed these little items to her one evening in November. He was going over his accounts while she sat mending a pair of Ted's trousers. "Did you see Mr. Shultz about that work at the smelter?"

"Yes, he's going out in a few days, and if anything turns up he'll let me know."

On December 10 Jim received a note from Mr. Gibson asking him to call at his earliest convenience. "I know what that means," Jim remarked grimly. "It means no more groceries on credit." He was right. When he called to see Mr. Gibson he was told that the store was carrying so many unpaid bills that it would be ruinous to increase them.

"I'm sorry to have to do this, Brown, but it would soon come to the same thing anyway. The wholesalers will cut me off if I get in much deeper. I will carry your account as it now stands until you can get work, but that is the best I can do."

"Mr. Gibson, I appreciate all you have done for me, and I hope I can soon pay you every dollar I owe you." The kind-hearted grocer leaned across the counter and laid a hand on Jim's arm.

"I know you do, Brown, and as soon as you get in work again I shall be glad to re-open your account until you draw your first pay."

"Thanks, Mr. Gibson." And with that Jim turned and walked out of the store. Life seemed a little less joyous to him as he wended his way homeward. Who would have thought a year ago that today would find him in such a plight?

"We still have some flour and coal," Alice said when he reported the interview to her, and added, "and a Father above, don't forget that, Jim."

He threw his arms about her and held her close. "And the bravest little wife that God ever sent to earth."

A few days later a snowstorm netted Jim several dollars cleaning sidewalks, and on December 21 a letter came from Shultz telling him to come out to the smelter and see if he could not get on there, as he had heard some talk of them putting on another man. A dollar was enclosed to pay his fare there and back.

The next day Jim was at the plant seeking an interview with Superintendent MacIntyre. For three days he persisted, staying at night with his friend Shultz. On the morning of the twenty-fourth he was informed, rather gruffly, that they would not put on another man before the first of the year, if at all. "We'll keep you in mind and if we need anyone we'll let you know," the foreman said more kindly as he noted the look of pain come into Jim's face at this blow to his hopes. For some time Jim wandered about the plant not caring to meet anyone. His tongue was dry and parched, and he quenched his thirst repeatedly at the little fountain near the furnace-room. At four o'clock he boarded the train for home.

He entered the first car he came to, which happened to be the smoker. He had barely sunk down into the seat when he heard a voice behind him say, "Well, Brown, this is providential to find you here." He turned at sound of his name and beheld Superintendent MacIntyre shaking hands with the man in the next seat back of him. He recognized the man instantly as the great lawyer who had gone to California to plead the famous Oil Land cases.

"I don't know whether it was Providence or not that put me on this train, but I'm surely glad to see you, Mac," the lawyer returned laughing.

"Same old atheist, eh?" the superintendent rejoined. "Anyway I've a letter here for you from Edith which arrived from Butte this morning. She wanted me to be sure you received it before night."

"Hasn't Edith returned from Butte yet?" There was evident disappointment not unmixed with annoyance in his tone.

"No, she'll be down on the 10:30 tonight. Go ahead and read the letter—read it to me if you like." There was the sound of tearing paper as the envelope was torn open and then Jim heard the following:

"Your telegram came as a great surprise. I had just received your letter saying you could not be home before the first of the year. I'm so glad we can spend Christmas together. The kiddies are wild with delight. The house is all ready for us, everything was moved before I left, only I let Mrs. McGregor go home for the holidays. Never mind, I can cook a better Christmas dinner than she can. I can't bear to think of spending Christmas in a hotel, and there won't be room at Will's—Florence and the children are coming down with me—so we'll just have to go to our own home. Jim, it's the grandest thing I ever looked at, even our best pieces of furniture look shabby among

such brilliant settings. Oh, I wouldn't miss spending Christmas there for worlds, now that you are going to be with us.

"I've made out a list of groceries and some things for the children's Christmas which I will enclose. If you'll order them sent up to the house we'll have the finest Christmas ever. The house number is 914, don't forget that. Meet us at the train, sure."

More rattling of paper and then, "Just look at this list will you Mac, it's as long as your arm." They both laughed heartily.

"Trust a woman to think of the details." This from the superintendent.

To the lone man in the seat ahead all this seemed staged to mock his poverty. "Some men have everything and some nothing," Jim said to himself bitterly. "This fellow will spend his Christmas literally in the lap of luxury, while I have not a penny to take home to my wife and children." A spirit of rebellion arose in his soul at the scurvy trick fate had played him. Alice always credited things to Providence, but this man who revelled in wealth and groceries had no faith in Providence. Perhaps it was simply that some men knew how to make money and others didn't and Providence cared not a whit. This thought was gall to his soul.

When their train reached the city, Jim felt too depressed to go home and he wandered about the streets for some time. Loads of good things stared at him from the store windows, and on the streets crowds of people were hurrying along carrying bulging bags and bundles that foretold a happy Christmas on the morrow. He alone of all that vast throng seemed penniless and forsaken. Surely Providence would not pass his family by so cruelly. Just then a paper bag burst in the arms of a woman, scattering potatoes over the sidewalk. She gathered them up hastily. One she missed. Jim picked it up and put it in his pocket. "This will be our Christmas dinner," he said, and laughed bitterly. It grew colder, and he turned his footsteps homeward.

Alice tried to greet him with a smile when he opened the door, but when she saw the drawn look on his face she burst into tears. He put his arm about her and led her to a chair in the kitchen. The children had placed the broom across the backs of two chairs and hanging suspended from it were four stockings of varying lengths. "It wouldn't be so bad for us," Alice sobbed on his shoulder, "we could stand it, but the children—not a thing in the house for their Christmas. Whatever in the world are we going to do, Jim? Do you think God doesn't care?" What could he say? It was the echo of his own thought. He was about to speak when their attention was arrested by a quick step on the back porch and a hurried thump on the door. Jim got up and opened the door. A young fellow in overalls and jumper smeared with flour confronted them.

"Is this number 914?" he asked. Jim nodded assent. "We've brought your groceries; where'll we put 'em?"

"I didn't order any groceries," Jim answered. "You must have the wrong number."

"Ain't your name Brown, James Brown?" the young fellow persisted, looking at a paper in his hand.

"Yes," Jim answered, puzzled.

"This is the place all right. We'll back in." He dashed off into the darkness, and the next moment they heard the chug of a motor. The rear end of a big truck loomed out of the darkness and bumped into the porch. Two men began piling things onto the porch. Sacks of flour, potatoes, and sugar; cases of soap, canned milk, fruit, and vegetables; boxes, bundles, and packages of every description, were unceremoniously dumped onto the porch or carried into the kitchen, while the bewildered family stood about in utter amazement. When a pretty Christmas tree appeared, the silence was suddenly broken by cries and exclamations of delight from the children, and the tree was carried triumphantly into the front room.

"Who sent all this?" Jim finally asked one of the men.

"I dunno, Mister; Santa Claus, I reckon." The next minute the two men climbed into their truck and rode off into the night.

Jim and Alice looked into each other's faces questioningly. Jim was the first to speak. "Who in the world could have sent them?"

"It must have been Bill Stauffer," she answered. "He sent a card saying he would see us at Christmas time. You see he had twelve hundred dollars from the lease, the same as we did."

Jim shook his head. "No, Alice, the check he sent us was the total received from our ore. I saw a copy of the account while I was out at the smelter. The big-hearted fellow kept not one cent for himself. No, it must have been someone else."

Still mystified, they began to look over the things. A box of brilliant-colored trimmings came first into view. These were seized upon by the children and carried into the front room where Jamie was already setting up the tree. Alice next uncovered two beautiful dolls and hastily hid them in her bedroom. Doll carriages, a tricycle, books, games, and toys were quickly hidden away. Candies, nuts, oranges, and apples followed. A turkey she laid on the table. By this time Alice was in a perfect fever of delight. "I just knew the Lord would not forsake us!" she said.

But Jim still felt that all was not right. At first he had been stunned by this sudden change from poverty to affluence, but now he began to collect his scattered wits. He went out onto the porch and looked the things over. With a sickening sensation the truth suddenly dawned on him; this was undoubtedly the supply Attorney Brown had ordered for his own home. Someone at the store had blundered. Instead of delivering the things to Sixth Avenue they had been brought to Sixth East. He remembered now the house number the lawyer had read from the letter was 914—the same as his. An error such as this would probably not occur in any other city in the United States.

"Of course the mistake will be discovered as soon as Attorney Brown reaches his home and finds the things have not been delivered. He'll call the store, and the things will be traced to us. Anyway, I'll have to notify the store. These things are not meant for us at all."

Shouts of joyous laughter came to him from the house and pierced his heart like knife thrusts. "My poor, little kiddies!" he exclaimed, "I'm afraid your joy will be short lived." With a groan he sat down on one of the boxes and covered his face with his hands. "And Alice, my dear, sweet, angel wife! It will nearly break her heart when she learns the truth." O God in heaven, avert the blow!" Tears welled up into his eyes, and in the darkness his chin quivered.

How long he sat thus he did not know. He was roused by the sound of an automobile stopping in front of the house. He got up and walked over beyond the edge of the building and peered out. In the darkness he made out the figure of a man just stepping from an automobile. "It's all over," he said to himself in a choking voice, "all over." He leaned against the porch post to steady himself for a minute or two, and then went slowly into the house.

When he reached the door that opened into the front room he swung it open unnoticed and stopped within the shadow. Just inside the front door, hat in hand, stood Attorney Brown. Ted had evidently let him in, for Alice with flushed face and shining eyes was coming out from behind the gayly decorated tree. She stared in astonishment at sight of the unexpected visitor. "Well, how-do-you-do?" she greeted him cheerily.

"I ordered some things sent—sent—," the lawyer began awkwardly. Alice advanced toward him.

"Are you the one who so generously sent us these things?" she asked in amazement. He winked his eyes a couple of times and appeared to swallow something.

"A—a—, yes, ma'am." Alice went to him and took his hand in both of hers.

"God bless your kind heart," she said fervently, and there were tears in her eyes when she said it. "I don't know who you are, but I know that Providence sent you to us in our time of need. You cannot know what it means to go day after day, month after month without employment, never knowing one day what you will have to eat the next. Surely God put it in your heart to do this noble deed." She released his hand, and he shifted his weight awkwardly from one foot to the other.

"I'm afraid you are giving me more credit than I deserve," he replied. Then a merry twinkle came into his eyes and he smiled good-humoredly. "I thought I'd just take a run down and see if the things were delivered all right."

Jim was struggling to adjust himself to the unexpected turn the case had taken. He advanced into the room extending his hand which the other took in a hearty handshake. "I don't know how to

thank you, but I'll repay you as soon as I can get to earning again." The attorney laid his hand on Jim's shoulder.

"Now, don't talk about paying me, nor thanking me, either, or you'll spoil it all. This is the first time in my life I've ever been a real Santa Claus." He looked at the children playing about the tree, talking in suppressed excited tones, their little hearts almost bursting with joy. Never had they dreamed of a Christmas like this. The scene evidently touched the heart of the great lawyer, for he took the chair Alice offered him and sat for some time gazing at them in silence. "My!" he finally exclaimed, "I wouldn't have missed this for a thousand dollars." He arose and turned to Jim.

"Let's see, you say you are out of employment, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Brown, the same as yours," Jim answered. The lawyer looked startled for a moment.

"Oh—, oh yes, I see. What is your occupation, Mr. Brown?" Jim told him. "Assayer? Good! My brother-in-law is superintendent of the smelter." He took a card from his pocket and handed it to Jim. "If you'll call at my office any time after tomorrow I'll give you a letter to him. He'll find a place for you. Well, I must be going. I've a few purchases to make before the stores close." He bowed gracefully to Alice. "Good-night," he said, then sweeping the room with his glance added, "and a Merry Christmas to everyone."

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" chorused after him as he closed the door.

The parents looked at each other in silence for a moment, then Alice put her arms around her husband's neck and drew his face down to hers. "Now, will you say the Lord isn't watching over us?" she challenged.

And he answered, "I wouldn't dare."

While outside Attorney Brown just settling himself in his automobile was saying, "By Jove! this is surely a peculiar experience. Could there be any truth in what that sweet little woman said about Providence bringing this about? I wonder!" And he drove off.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Rest Awhile

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest,"
Said Christ to me and you,
A time of patient resting, dear,
For us, and roses too,
Will give us chance to grow again
And loveliness renew.

Hobart Tasmania

A. C. A. Dean Hewer

THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Of Four "Mormon" Missionaries in the Tokyo Disaster

BY ERNEST B. WOODWARD, SECRETARY OF THE JAPAN MISSION

To write what one has actually experienced is often very difficult. In the following account of our experiences I have endeavored to portray as nearly as I can to the readers of the *Era*, just how we felt, how we were delivered from death and destruction when two thirds of the city of Tokyo was destroyed by fire following the earthquake of September 1, 1923. My desire is that what I write may be of help to those who shall read it, and that the testimony of my brethren here in Tokyo, myself included, may cause someone to think seriously of the wonders of God.

"Earthquake! Earthquake!!"

What a horrifying thing to most of us! If you have ever experienced such a thing, you will understand me when I say that they make one feel so small, so insignificant, that you wonder how you ever thought yourself so much! To me earthquakes are not novel, having experienced many since coming to Japan, but experience only seems to teach me fear. Is it a fear of death? In a sense, Yes! Yet in another, No! I don't fear death half so much as I fear being maimed for life. That is why I fear earthquakes so badly!

Usually, much the same as the hiss of a rattlesnake, there is some sort of warning before an earthquake, but this time there was no such thing. As from apparently nowhere it came. Into nowhere it went; but what a difference!

I was writing letters; had been, all morning. Suddenly without warning, the house gave a terrific lurch! Pictures crashed to the floor, smashing the glass, giving rise to more confusion! The plaster swayed, then breaking loose crashed to the floor! Books, chairs, in fact everything which could fall, tumbled to the floor, making it apparent that one should not be inside!

By this time the oscillations had increased, until it was next to impossible for one to stand or walk! To remain inside seemed folly. Might not the house collapse? Might not a thousand other unexpected things happen? Apparent safety awaited us outside, but was it safety? Suddenly a crash from outside, as a pile of roof-tile fell to the ground right where we might have been, had we followed our first impulse and rushed out! That was sufficient! We decided to take our chances inside! In readiness we stood by the open door and waited, what seemed an age, while the earth pitched and rolled! The house rattled and creaked! While the din from the earthquake itself was most deafening!

How long we waited none of us know, but it seemed ages! When at last the earth regained itself we went outside! What a sight greeted our eyes! In one corner of the lot, through a small aperture in the fence, the people of the neighborhood were filing in! Their faces blanched, their step uncertain, they came into the lot to look around at what had once been their home! The sight was almost more than one could stand, and yet one couldn't help but admire. Almost everyone carried a baby, leaning far over its squirming form to protect it from flying bits of houses, or falling roof tiles. It was a sight which will remain with me through life.

Another terrific jerk and we were in the midst of another one! Another kind of fear betook us! We had heard of the ground opening up and letting people in! This one, however, didn't last as long as the other, so our fears were stilled for a moment. Only for a moment, though! No sooner had this one ceased than another followed! This followed by another, and another until one lost the count! (The Meteorological Observatory reported 356 shocks on the 1st; 289 on the 2nd; and 173 on the 3rd.) Thus were our fears kept alive throughout the day and night, until one almost wished the first shock had been successful? But still we were worth three dead men yet, so we decided to live on!

"A fire! Tokyo is on fire! Entire down-town district in flames!" was the news that greeted us, as a dense cloud of smoke began to arise in that direction. But we had work at home! No! Our house was not on fire, but not far away the district was already in flames! The earthquake had caused a panic. People had left their homes, and being the noon-hour a fire burned in every house. The houses had collapsed with the first hard shake, and fire came as a natural result. Almost before it could be realized, fire had broken out in every part of the city!

At the first alarms, the firemen gallantly rushed to the scene! They fought bravely! They pitted their strength and wisdom against that of the onrushing adversary! It was a battle in which the fates of thousands were to be determined! Ah! It couldn't go to the foe! The lives of thousands of Tokyo's citizens hung in the balance, and it seemed the firemen were winning, when an unlooked for thing happened! The supply of water, the City water-works, was dry! The first severe shock had disabled the pumps, and fifteen minutes of fire-fighting in all parts of the city, had been sufficient to exhaust the supply!

Not to be beaten by this disastrous stroke of fate, the firemen moved to points of vantage and set their powerful pumps to work pumping water from the moats and rivers. This, however, had given the fire more chance, and fanned by the ever changing wind, it had raced on! When the fight was again resumed, it was apparent that the men had lost ground! They fought a gallant fight! They dynamited buildings in a last effort to cut off its onslaught, but to no

avail! Pushed by the wind which had almost reached the velocity of a gale, the flames jumped these gaps, crossed over streets, streams and alleys where, joined by other fires, it had by nightfall united into one mighty conflagration!

As viewed from the hill at Hanzomon that night, it was one seething ocean of fire! It seemed to completely surround the Imperial Palace, which had proved a haven of retreat to thousands who had rushed to its spacious grounds for protection. It was a veritable hell on earth! Occasionally, through a rift in the smoke and flame, a familiar building could be seen, only to be enveloped instantly again in the surging sea of flame!

Its roar was like that of an angry sea beating against the rocks! Its light, low and mellow, was like a twilight afterglow! It was awful! Think of the lives of men and beasts being sacrificed in that angry flame! Think of the property, that which man had prided himself in, being reduced to ashes! Is it any wonder that the people of Tokyo, finding no solution for the thing, groped around for something upon which to lay the blame, and finding nothing else but the Koreans, mobbed and slew them? No! For the deafening roar, the blinding smoke, and terrible suspense that the people were in, was enough to drive people insane. They were insane, and the poor Koreans suffered! God alone knows how many of these people were put to death during the first three days of the fire! It was a false alarm, and even the Japanese themselves do not try to justify it now, but the innocent Koreans were dragged from their homes, to be beaten and kicked by a raving mob, until blessed unconsciousness rendered their suffering nil, and death in the end brought release from an existence among an unfriendly and unforgiving people. God alone must judge them and their offenders, for we in our weak mortal state, are prone to err in such cases. That the Japanese were in their own minds justified, we cannot say, but the facts in the case have proved the Koreans to be innocent of any offense, and the Japanese wholly the aggressors.

While this war on the Koreans raged heavily, the fire had not ceased! Indeed, if that be possible, it had increased its speed! Certainly it had grown broader! By day dense clouds of black smoke rolled forth to proclaim itself to the world, that Tokyo still burned! By night, a light almost to defy the powers of the sun, proclaimed the same sad story! Oh! That I might tell you of my feelings at this time, but I cannot! Words refuse to describe such things, and in fact, even now, I cannot understand what they were.

For three days and nights the onslaught continued! At the end, a blessed downpour of rain, when there was but little left to burn, succeeded in extinguishing the once mighty conflagration. It had done its work! It had won the battle and had raced on until there was nothing left but smouldering ruins of the once great Tokyo, the pride of all Japan. Even the godowns were burned! In fact there



Top: A pile of human bones at Shifukusho, one of the thousands like it. They have a pile several feet high of ashes which have been sifted. It was here before the bodies were burned that the stench was so unbearable.

Bottom: The picture is of Maruzen Co., now a hopeless wreck. It shows the work of earthquake and fire. Notice the bent steel, the twisted metal doors, broken and cracked cement pillars—one of thousands like it which, being made of reinforced concrete and brick, couldn't be entirely burned. The district for miles along the Ginza was marked by many buildings similar to this one.

was nothing left of over two-thirds of the once fair city, but ashes and broken-down ruins. What it had taken men three hundred years to build, fire destroyed in three days! It seems impossible, and yet the facts are before our eyes! After all, what are the things of this life worth anyway? Were it not for our hope in Christ, is there anything in this life worth striving for? I fear, after seeing such wholesale destruction of life and property, we are forced to say there is not.

It is all over now! The former spirit of defiance has changed to one of weeping. Tokyo has changed from the once proud Metropolis of the Far East, to the city of Ruins and Dead! Her people no longer boast of her wealth and beauty. Those who are left walk the streets, searching for loved ones, searching for something which might give them the wherewith to buy their food, or searching in the midst of ruins for something, they know not what! The spirit of sorrow permeates the entire population, as they go about their sad task of locating and burying the dead.

We went out to see to what extent our field of labor had been destroyed, and in our walk, (there was no other means of traveling) we crossed the Sumida river into Monjo ward. It was in this vicinity, near the Ryogoku station, in a small open place called Shifukusho, that one of the saddest scenes that has ever been enacted in the history of the world, took place! Honjo-ku, unlike most of the other residence districts of Tokyo, has no parks. The population is, or rather was, extremely dense. At the outbreak of fire, the people fled in every direction, but escape was impossible! They were trapped like rats, and would eventually die in the flames, which by this time had surrounded them! Then a hope sprang in their hearts! The police were directing them to Shifukusho!

Into this small open place they crowded by the thousands! Surely this was a haven of retreat! But alas, they were to be sadly disappointed! Closer and closer closed the fire! It was coming, but they would be spared! Parents huddled around their offspring in an effort to protect them from the intense heat! It was terrible, but they would have stood it perhaps, if cruel fate had not played them another trick! They had carried with them their belongings! These caught fire and together with the extreme heat charred them in their very tracks! When we visited them a week later, their charred bodies huddled together in small groups, told this awful tale in words more powerful than man's. Think of it! Forty four thousand people charred beyond recognition in one little place! The awfulness of it cannot be fully comprehended even by those who have seen it, so I fear you will not be able to, but you might try.

The stench was unbearable, while the sight was one which, though I live to be a hundred, I will never fully erase from my memory! We moved on, only to find more dead! Dead everywhere! The Sumida river seemed full, as the tide came in carrying

them back up where rescue workers fished them out and piled them in piles along the bank, where later soldiers cremated them with kerosene! The horrible expression of agonizing pain upon the face of every one told what a terrible death they suffered. We can never understand it, for none have ever been through it and told us of its pain. All we are able to do is to let our imagination run to the extreme, and then it cannot fathom the depth of suffering those thousands underwent.

Ruins and destruction faced us on every hand! Just as far as the eye could carry you, nothing but ruins! We climbed the hill at Ueno park, where thousands had sought refuge and had found it. From here we could see out across the river to the east. Nothing but ruins! Below us lay the Ueno station, now a heap of twisted iron and stone! To the south, just as far as one could see, lay the ghastly ruins of Manseibashi station and vicinity! To the north more ruins, and to the west still more! It is impossible to calculate the number of lives this one high tableland saved, but it must almost reach into the millions. The other large parks in the city which did similar duty were Kudan, Hibiya and Shiba. It is a conceded fact that had Tokyo had more of these spacious parks, the death list would not have reached the high mark it did. However that is a problem for the future when Tokyo once more becomes the pride of the entire nation.

Our duty now was to find the Saints and investigators. We had been joined by the missionaries from the other conferences. President Lloyd O. Ivie and Elder Vinal G. Mauss traveled from Sapporo to Tokyo riding part of the way in freight cars, in order to find out for sure just how we four who were in Tokyo at the time, had fared. They were joined at Sendai by Elders Hicken and Holley. We were joined later by Elders Robertson and Jensen of the Osaka conference. It was a meeting of joy and gladness, when we saw the brethren come in just one week to the day after the disaster. We had been unable to send them word of any kind, all telegraphic communications having been cut off at the quake.

President Ivie called a meeting on Sunday and it was decided to visit the Saints. We were paired off and sent out on our errands of mercy to those Saints from whom we had received no word nor had previously visited. Our search was rewarded in every case but one, by finding the Saints safe and well. In this case, the house had been burned and the sister had gone to the home of her father, which thing we learned later.

Of all the Saints in the city of Tokyo, only one lost her home. Not one was killed, in fact not one received even a scratch. So far as we have been able to learn only one of our investigators lost his home by fire, he and his little boy not being home. We have searched the city over, and as yet we have our first one of our Saints or investigators to find dead.

This has been a testimony to me, that God does look after his

people. That where people are assembled together in his name there will his Spirit be also. That even in our weakness if we err, if we repent thoroughly, we are forgiven. It has proved to me more forcefully than any other thing ever did before, just how utterly futile man's efforts are against the elements! It has shown me that the things of this life are easily destroyed, and that if we have not hope in a life after death, we have very little to look forward to. But there is a life after death! If there is none, then how are we going to reconcile ourselves to the fact that over two hundred thousand people's lives have been thus taken away from them before they were ready to die? That 316,087 homes were destroyed, and 1,356,740 people were made homeless in the recent fire.

My brethren and sisters, the signs of the times predict that the advent of the Son of God is near at hand. Listen to the following:

"Abide ye in the liberty wherewith ye are made free; entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean, until the Lord comes. For not many days hence and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man; and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light; and the moon shall be bathed in blood; and the stars shall become exceedingly angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from off a fig-tree. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people." (D. & C. 88:86-91.)

This prophecy has, at least in part, been fulfilled before our very eyes! Can we stand and doubt more?

We must reap while the day lasts. We must keep our lamp trimmed, for "no man knoweth the hour." Let us be up and doing. God has spoken to us by the voice of earthquakes, thunderings, and by tidal waves! He has warned us and all people that greater calamities shall come if they do not turn from their ways of sin and wickedness. The time is short, and there is much to do to prepare the nations for the advent of our Lord.

In regard to the work here, I have great hope. I feel this has been the turning point. I feel the people of this nation can see wherein 'tis folly to trust in earthly things. I hope so, at least. I hope that through this it will be easier to reach the hearts of the people with the message of truth; for if not, all these lives have been sacrificed in vain! Such can never be! In the great economy of the Lord, it was necessary that all of these should die, in order that the others might find themselves. We must do the rest. Let us go forth rejoicing, and bear our message to them in plainness without fear and without shame. For we can all say as Paul of old, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. 1:16.)

The missionaries in Tokyo at the time of the earthquake were:
Elders Ernest B. Woodward, Rulon C. Esplin, Milton B. Taylor, and
Lewis H. Moore.

Tokyo, Japan

Across the Years

The message that the angels sang,
On that clear night when heaven rang
Divinest music down to men,
Is on this Christmas sung again—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A face looks down across the years,
And smiles a message, through its tears,
For every soul, for every need;
For every cause, if men will heed—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Upon our day of doubt and strife;
On all the ills and griefs of life,
A face looks down across the years
And smiles a faith for all our fears—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A heart beats down across the years
And bids the sorrowing dry their tears;
A voice rings down from on the Mount
And calls injustice to account—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A love warms down the tide of time
To melt away all mammon's crime;
To chase the warrior's rule away,
And leave its law to reign alway—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A truth rings down time's vagrant years
And shames the creeds of men today;
It brothers all, it mothers all;
Its law is love, and love is all!—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Salt Lake City

C. N. Lund

THE MOTHER OF THE GOLD STAR

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

The gold star mother sat in her shining kitchen. It was Christmas eve and the little house was in perfect order, but from long habit its mistress sat in this room even on festive occasions. As in most farm houses, the life of the household revolved around the kitchen. It was Mrs. James' laboratory when she evolved the dishes from recipes handed down from a French Grandmother that made her the best cook in the country. It was to this room that her young husband used to bring his harness to mend in the evening, the year before he died. Her boy, Ernest, sat on the floor, when a baby, in the patch of sunlight that streamed through the south windows. Now, his man's body lay in a grave in France.

Outside, the world lay under a mantle of fresh snow that swathed it like a shroud. This added cheer to the light of the lamp and the warmth of the fire indoors. Along the windows up under the eaves stood potted red geraniums. The floor reminded one of the advertisements of "spotless town." The kitchen range shone like an ornament. The blue and white plates reflected their luster from the cabinet. At the oak table, Mrs. James held open a book. It was the "Doctrine and Covenants," the book of modern revelation.

A knock came at the door and she raised startled eyes to the clock. It was after nine and as she made her way to the entrance she wondered who could have come at such a time and on such a night. She flung open the door and her neighbor, Joseph Dart stood revealed.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. James," he said as he stamped the snow from his feet and entered the room, "for coming so late, but I've been out tonight and I had something special that I wanted to say to you."

Mrs. James looked enquiringly at him as she took his hat.

He sat down by the stove and cleared his throat.

"It's about our Danny. He had set his heart on going to the bright lights of the city. His pals had gone and they kept telling him how much easier it is to make a living in the city, and about the dance halls and picture shows. They said he was a fool to stay here. Not that our place has much to offer, but there is always plenty of work. Dan had set his heart on going when you offered him your fields to work and your equipment. We all know how well he did. Now he has decided to stay with the farm and is making plans for next year. You ought to hear him. The change in him is wonderful. Somehow I feel that if he had drifted off it would have finished his mother. She couldn't bear another disappointment. If she'd died, what with the mortgage and all, it would have been the end with me."

Mrs. Dart was a chronic invalid. She was disappointed in everything, her marriage, her home, her husband, her children. She had succumbed to it. People did not know whether it was a sick mind acting on a body, or a sick body acting on her mind, but the result was disastrous to the Dart household which was a poor place at best.

"Danny's work has been a good thing for me. So are the bursting granaries good for the people," smiled Mrs. James.

"My wife feels grateful for Danny staying home and the bountiful harvest, and all, and she knit you this as a slight token of her appreciation." Mr. Dart held out a paper bundle.

His hostess cut the string and shook out a fluffy lavender and white shawl. She hung it over a chair and exclaimed over its beauty.

"I don't see how Mrs. Dart can do such wonderful work when she is sick. I appreciate such a lovely gift from one mother to another. Tell Danny that I think that he has done splendidly. I don't know of any one who could have done better in Ernest's place." Her eyes misted with tears.

Long after her visitor had gone, the woman pondered while the fire died down. Just as Ernest James had been at the head at school and Danny Dart at the foot, so when the great war came the former had been the first to enlist and the latter had waited for the last draft. Her boy had always been so good and progressive that she had found it necessary to refuse him few things. When America entered the conflict he begged his mother for her consent to go.

It was in vain that she pleaded.

"Son, you are all I've got."

"All the more reason, mother, why you should give your one man to the cause," he answered blithely. "Mother, you wouldn't want me a slacker?"

At last he had won out.

She remembered the last time she had seen him. He marched with the troops through the streets of the city. She stood at the curb as they passed. How her heart leaped when she caught sight of him! How sober he looked; how well he carried his uniform; and how young the boys all were! She found herself running, a tall aristocratic looking woman in black, to try and catch another glimpse of him. She had been caught in a jamb and had stopped to cry in a doorway. She never saw him again.

There had been letters. One came after he was dead. The morning that she drew it out of the rural mail box she almost swooned in the road. Then she had clutched it to her bosom, the wild hope leaping in her heart that Ernest might after all be alive. But when her trembling fingers tore it open she found it neither a refutation of his death, nor a message from the spirit world, but the words of a sick boy in a hospital behind the lines waiting for his leg to be amputated.

Months afterward had come the cross of war from the govern-

ment for "bravery in action." She put the metal disk on the ribbon away with Ernest's baby pictures and a lock of his hair. It was one of war's grim jokes that she never knew what the "act of bravery" consisted of.

Two of the precious letters lay in her book and she turned to their worn pages.

Dearest Mother:—Well here we are in France at last. The boys are all crazy to get to the front, though I guess the poor fellows up there are just as anxious to get away. We haven't seen much of France's famous buildings nor fashionable ladies as we have been billeted through the country districts. The people live in villages and go out some distance away to farm their lands. This makes it more sociable for the people and does away with the loneliness of the American farm house. The people have piles of manure which they turn over with a pitchfork. The peasants have a passion for their land and it is pitiable to see the devastation that has come upon it. I saw a shell hole where there must have been an old fashioned garden. It had petunias drooping over the edge as big as saucers, and pinks—well, you could smell 'em a block off.

Our company has a real cook, not a mere can opener like some of the other companies have. At one town he got some rabbits and made a stew; I tell you it was fine after the bully beef. Do you remember the little cottontail that you split and fried in butter for me that tasted just like chicken? Our K. P. is sure fine at hustling fire wood which is often scarce, for the chow. At one place he actually chopped up a bed. He said if he didn't the Germans would, so we might as well have it. The French think that the Americans come from a very rich and cold country, they demand so much fire wood. The government has placed some of their century-old forests at the disposal of the army of occupation. The natives keep warm by wearing a great deal of clothing, one layer over another. That must have been why Sarah Bernhardt was always wrapped up to her ears in her pictures. She must have felt cold.

One of the boys had a rather funny experience the other day. He went to a farm house and asked for a drink of water. Water and milk are almost the same in French. After he had waited an interminable time a girl appeared with a glass of milk. She had run out, caught the cow, and milked her!

Well, mother, I am anxious to know how you are. It will be a good thing when all this waste is stopped and we men can get home and do our work.

With best love, *Ernest.*

The other ran:

Mother Mine:—It is a long time since I heard from you. The mail is irregular and I worry about you: I am writing this in a hospital back of the lines. About two hundred of us were barracked in a building at St. Mihiel when it was shelled. Some of the fellows were blown all to atoms; but others hurt not at all. I got mine in the left leg. At first the surgeons thought they could save it, but now it seems that the veins are torn. It interferes with the circulation and they have got to take it off below the knee. I know how you must feel, mother, but I guess that you will be glad to get part of me back, rather than not at all. Only I won't be able to run the farm so well.

Teddy Wymes is here near me. They took him out of the trenches screaming with inflammatory rheumatism, three days before I left the last time. Everything they said about the trenches is true—the rats, the mud, the filth. It seems good to be in a bed again. But as I lie here I do not

think of the horrible carnage of this war, which I fail to understand, but I dream of the wind in the elm trees at home and your sweet face.

Your boy, *Ernie*.

He had died of shock on the operating table. The last word he said under the ether had been "Mother." These few meager details had been supplied by a nurse who knew how mothers set store by such things. How gladly Mrs. James would have welcomed any portion of her boy. How she would have loved it and nursed it back to life. But she knew that it would have been a grievous cross to Ernest to have gone through life a cripple, for he could not bear anything marred or broken.

Now in the gray marble rotunda of the great state capitol, which stood upon a hill, Ernest's gold star hung with a great many other gold stars, on an immense flag. In the memorial grove where a tree was planted for each man who had lost his life in the world war, a horse chestnut tree bore a plate with the name "Ernest James." Mrs. James dedicated a corner of her garden to her son. In it were only blue flowers. Blue is the rarest color in nature, but Ernest had always shown a predilection for it from the blue milk bowl of his babyhood to the neckties of his youth. His mother thought that when the time came to choose a wife that he would select a blue-eyed girl. So in his garden she planted larkspur, baby-blue-eyes, bachelor-buttons, and forget-me-nots.

Folks wanted her to give up the farm, but she pleaded that she was too old to be transplanted, so she clung to her abode with its memories. She chose to "carry on." So she tended her kitchen garden and her white leghorn chickens and let out her big fields to Danny Dart. She had watched them turn from green to gold. Her heart sang with the whirl of the threshing machine for she exulted that the grain would go to feed the hungry. Wheat had ever been wrapped up in the history of her people. They had been encouraged by their leaders to till the soil. When the fabulous prices born of the exigencies of war sent most of the nation's grain over seas, the Relief Society poured out its stored up hoard, gathered by women, to re-seed the earth.

Of all the seasons Mrs James loved autumn best. It was then the earth yielded up its abundance. With housewifely skill she gathered her harvest and stored it up against the cold of winter.

In her cellar in neat bins, along the wall, were the "roots," potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips and onions. There were also Pearmaine apples and Hubbard squash buried in wheat.

On her white-washed pantry walls hung bunches of herbs, sage, savory thyme, parsley, and mint. There were also strings of dried apples and vivid red sweet peppers, bags of hops and sacks of dried peas and beans. There were salted string beans, pickles, covered with horseradish leaves, and a stone crock of mince meat. Sugar-cured hams, salted bacon, smoked dried beef and country sausage made one's mouth

water. The high lights fell on rows of gorgeous bottled fruit,—Oxheart and Black Tartarian cherries, raspberry jam, whole bunches of grapes, half peaches floating in amber liquid, gingered pears and mint apple jelly, containing all the concentrated fragrance of the harvest.

Mrs. James' gift was house-keeping. As she kept up the exquisite freshness of her home she reflected ironically that it was all wasted on one lonely, old woman. Was it wasted? Some claim that the only way to teach is by example. If that is true Mrs. James was a great teacher in home economics.

The clock struck twelve. It was Christmas morning. The woman shivered and closed her book. She picked up the shawl that Danny's mother had knit and wrapped it around her shoulders. No wonder that they were worried over Danny, for Danny's elder brother had "gone to the dogs." She locked the door, picked up the light and carried it into her bed room. From her mahogany dresser her son's handsome eyes looked at her. She picked up the portrait.

"I thought that you died to save mankind, my Ernest, but it seems that you also died to save Danny Dart."

She sighed, and kissed the pictured face.

DO YOU BELIEVE?

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

On the street a man went up to another and asked: "Do you believe?"

"Yes; I believe," was the answer.

"I am glad you believe," remarked the man as he walked on.

A mighty fine thing to believe. Everything is in favor of believing. Goethe makes Mephistopheles, portraying Lucifer, to declare: "I am the spirit that denies."

How much better it is to believe than to deny? To believe is constructive. To deny is destructive.

The true believer has peace in this life, and gives out hope for the life to come of eternal joy and progress. The denier has unrest in this life and offers only desolation for the life to come.

Yes; we believe, and, believing, are thankful for the opportunity of doing our bit in aiding God in his great work and glory "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39.)

ROOM FOR HIM AT THE INN

A Christmas Story

BY LUCILE TALMAGE CARLISLE

Christmas eve, descending with its age-old glamor over the highways of the glad of heart, does not halt when it comes on even such bitter stretches as Gurnsey Street. By the jaunty sprig of holly in the lapel of the legless man with the pencils, by the wilted cotton trappings of the lean Santa, nursing numbed fingers beside his paste-board chimney, one knew that Christ would be born that night.

Because it was Christmas eve, the man who stood on the corner of Gurnsey Street was terrible to look at. Sorrow or loneliness or even despair might have been pitied and overlooked, but the ugly glare in his too-sharp eyes was none of these. It hinted craft and cruelty and good will toward none—not even himself—and it made his handsome, smartly-clad figure a sacrilege to that loveliest night of the year.

This was just such a street as one might follow to find such a man, had one been looking for him. Heavy doors, inset with ancient stained glass panes and suggestive of dark and furtive rooms beyond, presented apt background to his lounging figure with its shifting hands.

Directly into the shaft of his gaze came a girl—the prettiest figure that the street had seen all day. In the soft, cold twilight she seemed all roses and gray furs and swift young smiles. Women came seldom to Gurnsey Street—pretty women with roses, almost never. She paused to drop a handful of chattering coins down the chimney of the gaunt Santa Claus. Then she came on, and at last saw the tall, sad young man, and smiled again. Just too late, he shifted his eyes to the street, and turned broad, sullen shoulders to her passing.

He did not see the defiant up-flare of her chin or the swift clenching of her lip—he saw only the small whiteness of her glove laid on his arm, and the childish widening of her blue eyes, raised.

"Why, Ken, hello," she laughed up, "aren't you going to speak to me, even? Merry Christmas!"

"Well, if it isn't Molly herself." He was suddenly suave and warm of tone. "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas—ah—"

His eyes, she thought, were like steel beads, sharp and depthless. His cordiality was plainly feigned. Choosing to ignore the fact, she invited, with a little laugh:

"Where are you going, Ken? Let me trot along."

His irritation covered itself nicely with cold politeness, but it was not lost as he murmured, "Thanks, awfully, Mrs. Macbride, but—that is your name now, isn't it?"

She giggled. Her little irrepressible mirth drew from him a wry smile. "Yes, Macbride. My first name is Molly. Don't let a lot of old ghosts make icebergs of us now, Ken. I have forgiven you—utterly—as entirely as I should forgive any horrid little boy who might have broken my dolls, years ago. But I never could forgive you for passing me up, this Christmas eve, with only a haughty glare."

"You know I never got over it," he told her stubbornly, as one who seeks to strengthen an old delusion by going over and over it.

"Well, neither did I," she replied practically. "One doesn't when it is as intense as ours was. It has made me—more understanding, I think. More able to laugh at—little things now. Let's stroll around the corner at least, Ken. I don't like—those men—"

"Yes, by all means let's get off this street, in a hurry. By the way, what's that husband of yours thinking, to let you out alone in this part of town, child?"

"Oh, he's very busy. Doctors are, you know, at the awkward—est hours. And I was lonely, so I came out by myself, hunting for some poor soul whose Christmas I might brighten. And," she laughed suddenly, "I reckon you are the 'poor soul,' Ken. I never saw a sadder-looking face than yours was, just before I came along."

"No!" the man deprecated largely. "And just how do you plan to brighten the day for me?"

"Let me see. First I'll take you home, and let you see an unbelievably wonderful Christmas tree. Then we'll decide. Here's my car—the little blue one. You drive."

"But, Molly," he fumbled, "that's nice of you, of course, but I've—made plans. Just going to catch a train, really—"

Her face fell. "Oh, Ken," she pleaded, two small fists under her chin. It was a familiar gesture of disappointment that brought the years back in a potent rush. "Important?"

Something of her old charm held. "Not too," he laughed generously. "I'll miss this one. No, you drive, Molly. I've grown a bit reckless—Traffic—"

She looked for a tremor in his hand, on the door, and found it.

The ride home was successful only in that it brought them safely to a stop before the spacious little Macbride bungalow, that Molly had built, out of her heart. Conversation flagged as each, wrapped in unwilling memories, stammered, laughed too often, and corrected little phrases which were uttered innocently enough, but which acquired, somehow, an annoying significance in the interchange.

There had been other rides through the dusk, those other days, in Ken Brady's proud little new Ford, when Molly's curls had brushed his sleeve and her arm fluttered up, occasionally, to draw down his erectly handsome head. Long months, suffused in the first, exquisite dreams of young love. Promises, fragile as they were deathless, made and reiterated. All this until Ken, grown up too suddenly, had looked aside from the charmed circle of Molly's quiet love, and discovered

the insinuating, slant-eyed smile of the girl in his brokerage office, who had ideas of going on the stage. Molly had grown a bit tame, of late. Being in love had knocked all the surprises out of her.

Quarrels had followed; bitter, groundless quarrels with Molly, but Ken had lacked that splendid strength by which men kill mortally-wounded animals, to make the thing irrevocable. Always assuming the role of the aggrieved, he had begged for reconciliations, only to plunge desperately into another break. Finally, with their patched and tottering illusions still extant, he had formulated a new contention, so insignificant as to cause disgust, and had, in a cowardly letter, ended everything. Then he had slunk out of sight. That was all. Until tonight, he had not seen her since.

The scent of the winter dusk, and the littleness of Molly beside him, brought many things back. He would have avoided entering the house, had he known just how.

But she led him cheerily inside, and disposed of his hat, herself. The rooms were dim and dear and intimate. Molly unpinned her roses in a gust of perfume.

She had brought him thus far by the witchery of her personality. Now the guise altered. She was simply the pretty and a trifle matronly Mrs. Macbride, gracious mistress of this warm little home, bidding her guest welcome and Christmas cheer. She switched the room into electric brilliance, and, turning, said casually, "Did you ever see such a tree?"

She let him follow her into the white-tiled kitchen, and laughed through their little meal of sandwiches, back on the hearth.

"How I do envy you all this," he mused, taking in the room at a glance.

"Do you, Ken?" she queried. "Funny you've never tried getting a home for yourself. I'm convinced that what you need most of all is a nice little wife, and a grate fire of your own. It would—"

"No," he cut in, his eyes bead-like again. "A rover's life for mine. Unless," he went on triflingly, "I could find me a little wife as nice as Doctor Matthew Macbride's."

"Doctor Matthew Macbride," she assured him gravely, "wouldn't know me as anything but a quiet little home body—doing silly, domesticated things—adoring my child and shuddering at the thought of two nights out in succession."

"No!" he said again, doubtfully. "You aren't letting marriage—take all the pep out of you, are you? Don't do that, Molly, please."

"My dear boy, that's the glory of being married! Not wasting time over things that don't count, being alive for the real things!" she told him, and left him to think.

Presently they drifted into conversations of the older boys, but their talk was flat and unmysterious now.

"Wouldn't it be fun, Ken, to see all the old friends of that year at school? What ever happened to Jackson Bryce and to that awfully

handsome boy in our history class? What was his name? Wait a minute; I'll get my kodak album and show you his picture."

Together they flipped over the pages of the book she brought, exclaiming over occasional faces and scenes.

"Look, here's old Professor Hall, the day of the candy pull. This is Mother. Here's a picture of Marian Ward. Wasn't she beautiful? Whatever became of her, do you know?"

"Yes, I do happen to know," he said, his hand holding the page. "She was married—and separated. She married the wrong kind of a fellow. When she lost her looks, she lost him, too."

"Some men are—cads," declared Molly, coming hotly to the rescue.

"They are, all right. Are you happy, Molly?"

"Of course." Her voice rang confident, and defiant. "Isn't everyone happy, who tries to be, with all her heart—or his?"

"No!" he challenged rudely. "I'm not!"

"Perhaps you have not tried for the real things, Ken, that make for happiness. Have you? Tell me something about yourself. Can you?"

"There's nothing. Life looks kind of rotten. That's all."

She strolled toward the hall and appeared to be listening intently there for a long moment. When she returned, his face had sunk into its grim, brooding lines.

Bobbie came in, led by a blue-and-white nurse, to hang up his stocking. He was a fat, blond child, quite unlike his mother until he smiled. It was not his smile, but the sturdy dimensions of his little flanneled chest that captivated Kenneth Brady. The child was shy at first, but he soon became master of the situation, romping on and off Ken's knees, and searching in every available pocket for pennies. At last he curled up with his little gleaming head against the man's shoulder.

"You better go home to your little boy," he said solemnly.

"What if I haven't one, old man?" said Kenneth, curiously husky.

"Well, why don't you ask Santa Claus to get you one? I bet he would bring him to you, then."

"Hadn't thought of that, Bobbie. Perhaps I shall."

"Emily," Molly interposed, "please take Bobbie to bed now."

She followed them into the hall. After Bobbie had trudged, chattering, up the stairway, she remained, and again seemed to be listening, anxiously.

"Maybe I should go now," murmured Ken, rising, still not quite himself. "Will he be home soon?"

"Who?"

"The doctor."

She gazed at him for a curious instant. "Why no—no—"

"You look worried," he explained, crudely enough.

"I am worried, I believe. It is about the case he is on. The saddest case, Ken, you can imagine. Shall I tell you?"

"If it isn't too sad, yes."

"She's going to have a little child tonight—the night that Christ was born. It is to be her first baby—and she is alone. Her husband deserted her, when she needed him most—when she could not be all that he demanded of her. Oh, Ken, isn't it pitiful?"

"He shouldn't tell you all this rot," growled the man. "Why can't he protect you from it, at least?"

"Oh, but I want to know! If I could help, somehow! If only I might do something to help that lonely little mother who is facing death alone tonight, or that precious new little Christmas baby."

"I can't help thinking of that other Christmas—the first one. Did it ever occur to you, how splendid it was of Joseph to stand by the blessed Mother the way he did? How he loved and cared for her, even though he could not call Him his Son! That's manhood, isn't it?"

"Yes, Molly, but let's not talk about it so much, please."

"All right. I could not seem to shake it from my mind. If I could somehow help! If I could find the husband, and bring him back to her!"

"Bring him back? He ought to be killed!"

She laughed her cool, tender shred of a laugh. "That's what Matthew says. We women are—forgiving, aren't we? And you men are so harsh—so blind! He probably left her in one of her spells of unhappiness that would be so inevitable to her—just then. And he has probably been sorry, since. Of course he should come back, and make right all the horrible wrongs, and make her happy. and—I'm sniffing like a child. Where's my—excuse me—my handkerchief—"

She fled up the stairs, leaving all her thoughts about him.

When she returned, scarlet about the eyes, yet curiously radiant, she found Kenneth Brady getting furtively into his coat.

"Why—you aren't going away?"

"Isn't it time, Molly?" he asked, frantically pleasant.

"Not without saying goodbye. Not for a time, anyway. I'm lonesome. Please stay."

He returned, disconcerted, to the living room. His face was set.

"Have you been thinking about my story, Ken?"

"No—no, I had forgotten it. But, now, about that girl, Molly—you don't suppose she really would forgive him, do you, after all that?"

"I am sure she would. She knows, as I know, that he was not all bad at heart. He acted impulsively, on the wrong impulse. He did not understand, perhaps, that all her old health and charm would come back to her so soon. He did not begin to realize the glory in store, of holding his son—as warm and strong as my little Bobbie—

to his heart. He made a terrible mistake, and I think the case is the same with most bad men in the world. They are led off by one mistake—one wrong—when circumstances seem to drive them to it; and they go on then, along the same way, because they don't seem to know how to make that first wrong right again. Their hearts want to go back—but they don't know how!"

His breath rasped a few times before he answered, with something of a laugh, "Well, Molly, you give a fellow something to think about. Your philosophy is—unique, isn't it? But I am afraid you aren't quite right about everything you surmise. You are so perfectly happy yourself, so very ignorant of all the bad men you tell me about, that your ideals are—well, sugar coated. Perhaps if you had known a touch of suffering, ever—"

She laughed, silently. It was at things like this that his friendship had taught her to laugh, so long ago. He seemed to understand when she said:

"Ken, I know when I tell you she would forgive him tonight. She needs him desperately. *And he needs her!*"

The clock ticked into the silence.

Over distances came the cool peal of a bell. Christmas had dawned.

"He is born, Ken," said Molly, solemnly.

He roused, as if with a twinge. "I'll go now, Molly. Thanks, much. You have saved me from—more than you know. I was a lost soul when I saw you tonight. Now I am going home, home, Molly!"

"Come with me first. Just follow me." She spoke quickly, compellingly, and he followed almost without realizing it. "Ken, the girl I told you of is here. She had no other place to go—and I wanted her here. It was like preparing for the little Christ child, to me. Matthew didn't want her to come. 'And there was no room for them at the Inn'—isn't that a terrible, heart-breaking phrase? So she is here.

"Ken, as you probably know, she is—Marian Ward. She needs you so!"

They had reached a white door on the upper floor, which opened noiselessly at their approach. The doctor, white-clad and weary, moved out, frowning coldly as Molly gently pushed Ken to the threshold.

"You should not have done it, Molly," the doctor pronounced without warmth. "You are all but exhausted. I can see no occasion for wearing yourself out this way—"

"Oh, Matthew, don't say that! It was hard! It was one of the most difficult and unpleasant evenings I ever spent—but how well worth it all was! Listen!"

A baby uttered its little scratchy wail.

Through the half-open door they could see two heads on the

pillow, the one so pale and lovely, and they looked with a stealing sense of awe. From the shaded light a golden circle found the pillow, and rested there like a halo.

Oakland, Calif.

"We Stand for the Non-Use and Non-Sale of Tobacco"—*M. I. A. Slogan*

BY WILL H. BROWN

Here is a significant fact: When the police send out descriptions of criminals wanted, including mention of "peculiarities," they often say: "Cigarette smoker, nervous," etc. The two usually go together—smoking and nervousness. A criminal who doesn't smoke would be a curiosity. In reality, it is no "peculiarity." It is the thing to be expected.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor of high explosives, reviewing the disastrous results of smoking by our soldiers during the great war, says: "I wish and pray that it was possible for something to happen to the human race, so as to make it impossible for them to get tobacco in any shape or form, and if that were true, the efficiency of the great mass would increase fifty per cent or more."

The *San Francisco Examiner* says: "Teachers in a high school of Winfield, Kansas, where 341 boys attended, divided the boys into three groups—smokers, occasional smokers, and non-smokers—and examined their scholarship grades. The boys who smoked were 14.6 per cent of the school. They got 4 per cent of the "excellents," and 32.9 per cent of the failures. Boys who smoked occasionally were 29.6 per cent. They showed only 4 per cent of the "excellents," and 37.5 per cent of the failures. The boys who did not smoke at all were 55.8 per cent of the school. They won 92 per cent of the "excellents" and only 29.5 per cent of the failures.

Fresno, Calif., now prohibits smoking on street cars, except in open sections. Inasmuch as three of the lines run one-man center-entrance cars, with no open sections, the action of the City Commission is quite a victory for persons who believe in the right to breathe pure air.

That the growing sentiment against tobacco is becoming worldwide is shown in the fact that at the great Anti-Alcoholic Congress at Copenhagen, several special meetings were held to discuss means for combatting the use of tobacco. One of the delegates contended that had Lord Carnarvon been a non-smoker he would have survived his illness in Egypt.

At the last general conference of the Wesleyan Methodist church the following resolution was adopted by a 71 to 15 vote, to be submitted to the district conferences before January 1, 1925: "We will not receive as members into our churches, nor will we ordain or license to preach or exhort, persons who use, cultivate, manufacture or sell tobacco." If the majority of votes in the conferences is favorable, the action will be stated and declared to be in effect at once.

August Vollmer, Los Angeles' new chief of police, wants officers who can think, so has issued orders forbidding policemen from smoking, either on street duty or in the offices of the police stations.

The Kent School for girls, at Summit, N. J., has had no dismissals for misconduct or failures in examinations in its entire history of twenty-seven years. A newspaper dispatch, telling of the school, begins thus: "Discovered: A school for girls where the students *do not smoke*, do not gossip," and so forth. The claim is made that the rule of conduct is the Bible, with the emphasis on the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. One of the officials of the school, commenting, says: "A girl who comes to Kent school does not smoke, * * * 'for charity doth not behave itself unseemly.'"

Oakland, Calif.

BOOK OF MORMON CHARACTERS

BY J. M. SJODAHL

The readers of the *Era* are familiar with the characters of the Book of Mormon, as they have been preserved in Church literature.

During the time between December, 1827, and the following February, the Prophet Joseph, then living on his farm near Harmony, Penn., copied some of the letters, or glyphs, on the plates, and translated a few of them by the aid of the sacred instrument provided for that purpose. In February, 1828, his friend, Martin Harris, came to Harmony, to visit Joseph, and the latter handed him two of the specimens. Martin Harris then proceeded to New York and submitted them to the inspection of Prof. Charles Anthon, of the Columbia College.* This incident of Church history is well known.

It will also be remembered that Prof. Anthon, in letters written years afterwards to men searching for material for anti-"Mormon" literature, acknowledged the visit of Martin Harris and the existence of certain "characters," but declared them to be a hoax, and a clumsy one at that. Thus, in 1841 he is said to have written a letter to an Episcopalian minister in New Rochelle, near New York, in which he informed the reverend gentleman, for publication, that he, Anthon, after a *brief* examination of the paper presented felt convinced that it was a fraud. That the "examination" must have been exceedingly brief is evident from the fact that he went on to say that "the characters were arranged in columns like the Chinese mode of writing," and that "Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted, either through unskilfulness or from actual design, were intermingled," whereupon the whole ended in a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac.

This has been widely circulated as Prof. Anthon's opinion, based upon a "brief"—as the learned linguist admits—examination of the characters brought to him by Martin Harris. It is hard to imagine how even a brief examination could impress anybody but an ignoramus with the idea that those lines now known as the *Characters* were Greek, Hebrew, etc., letters arranged in columns, as in Chinese manuscripts, and ending with a drawing of the Mexican zodiac. It is much easier to believe that the Professor, when writing for the delectation of anti-"Mormon" credulity, drew upon his own imagination. At all events a *brief* examination of such a document is no examination at all, and Prof. Anthon's opinion is, from a scientific point of view, valueless.






*At the Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, there is a photographic reproduction of a print, which purports to be a facsimile of one of the drawings made by the Prophet and submitted to Prof. Anthon by Martin Harris. See also the illustration in the *Improvement Era* for April, this year.


Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon came to an entirely different conclusion regarding the Book of Mormon characters.

I am fully aware that Le Plongeon is not accepted as an authority, and that some of the theories and opinions he has advanced go much farther than the facts adduced warrant; but I do not know that his ability has ever been doubted, or that the value of his discoveries has been questioned. And for that reason he certainly is entitled to a hearing on a question of fact relating to the ancient inhabitants of America.

In a letter to Elder D. M. McAllister, of Salt Lake City, dated 18 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, July 1, 1892, Dr. Le Plongeon made this statement:

"I have carefully examined the characters on the plates from which the Mormon book was translated. Although several resemble some on the ancient monuments and in the Maya codices, still the characters of the writings are in no way similar to that of the Maya inscriptions, or those on the tablets of Palenque. It seems to me they bear more similitude to the Old Phoenician. Still, I am free to confess that the following are found in the Maya writings:

~ is: n; U, or , or , is ma (Egyptian or Maya), meaning "the land," "the country";  (h) is ah, meaning "the male," "the powerful." D, or , is t, symbol of Maya tem, altar, and the Egyptian T. ~ This is the most significant. It is found in the Maya books, , where it has the meaning of "the lands of the west," that is, North and South America and the lost (Land of Mu) Atlantis, indicated by the dot in the midst of the ocean, contained within the shores of the western continent, from New Foundland to Cape St. Roque in Brazil.

In a note Dr. Plongeon adds that the character  is a composite, which in Maya glyphs would mean Ah-tem, "he of the altar," either God or the priest.

Dr. Plongeon and his gifted wife spent ten years, or more, among the Mayas in Yucatan. They learned the language and studied the people by living among them. They were very successful in their research work.

Dr. Plungeon was a friend of the late President John Taylor. In one of his letters to Elder D. M. McAllister he says:

"Mr. John Taylor, the late president of the 'Mormon' Church, was a friend of mine since 1852. We became acquainted in Europe, and since then, from time to time, we have corresponded. His last letter to me is dated a few months before his demise."

Who Would A-Conquering Go

"When I a-conquering go," I vowed,
"I shall not heed the jeering crowd,
With purpose bold, and eyes ahead,
With shoulders firm, and kingly tread,
No voice can call me back, I know,
The day that I a-conquering go."

"Wills such as mine no man can turn,
When once the fires of conquest burn
Within my breast, as forth I stand
Unflinchingly to take command.
No restless thoughts my heart shall know
The day that I a-conquering go.

"But, for today, I love red wine,
And warm lips madly meeting mine;
I love the game, the laugh, the song,
To feast and play the whole night long,—
Such follies to the Past I'll throw
Tomorrow, when I conquering go."

In youth I sang thus boastfully:
"My passions cannot master me,
Though my todays are full of bliss,—
The sparkling wine and rapturous kiss
Belong to youth, and he must know
Them all, who would a-conquering go."

Now, all too late, I comprehend
The wisdom of my childhood friend,—
A gray old man who said to me:
"Ah, youth, could I but make you see
That he who would true valor show,
Must all his days a-conquering go."

The Old Clock

Slowly move the dial hands
As the pendulum swings to and fro—
But of what avail is the rhythmic tick-tock
That marks off the time on the face of the clock?
In the ancient speech of ticks and tocks
Centuries old in the language of clocks—
Meaningless as a beetle's drone
In its never varying monotone;
Tiresome as throbbing and treading of feet
That on the pavement beat and beat.

One midnight when the zephyrs sighed
In the treetops by my door,
The clock's tick-tock
Had ceased its knock,
And its ancient sound was o'er,
For it changed from ticking its old refrain
To a new and orderly musical strain,
As it really began to talk
Like some one might speak who had entered the clock
While I was sleepy and weary:—
Perhaps by some fate
It became animate
With a spirit more useful and cheery!
For it said, o'er and o'er,
O'er and o'er and anon:
"Go on—go on—go on—go on!
Bid care begone—go on—go on!
Go on—go on—bid care begone!"

Far better became its escapements' rime
And the frequent stroke of its musical chime
While I thought of it as a friendly gnome
That here in the clock had made a home—
A friendly gnome, with a friendly face,
Animating the old clock case—
Ever counting the pulse of time
In rhythmical beats and the hour's full chime—
Ever singing the words I con—
"Go on—go on—go on—go on!
Bid care begone—go on—go on—
Go on—go on—bid care begone!"

Now oft in my dreams
In my fancy it seems
A murmuring glee
Half awakening me
In a symphony of melody,
Singing to me so cheerily
In a drowsy rhythm of restful tune
Its simple and oft repeated rune:—
Go on—go on—go on—go on!

Over and over a melody in a rhythmical refrain,
 Mingling my dreams
 In the firelight gleams
 With my thoughts' on-rushing train;
 Singing ever till comes the dawn—
 "Go on—go on—go on—go on!"
 Singing cheerily o'er and o'er:
 "Go on—go on—go on—go on!"

Under the merciless call of fate
 When I'm weary—a weary—a weary,
 Oft in my labors I hesitate,
 And the moments seem long and dreary.
 Then come the words of the new refrain,
 Lifting away all work and strain;
 And my tasks in a moment are pleasant again
 With the monitor saying: "Go on—go on!"
 With the monitor saying: "Go on—go on!"
 "Go on—go on—go on—go on!"

And when night beckons me to my rest,
 There's the song again of the unseen guest
 Ever repeating the same request:—
 "Go on—go on—go on—go on!"
 The guardian gnome with the kindly eye
 Who all my future can here decry,
 Looking far off to the by-and-by,
 Who bids me ever go on and on—
 Singing and saying: "Bid fear begone!"
 Go on—go on—go on—go on!"

When on my knee my grandchild rests
 And asks for an evening story,—
 The firelight on her auburn locks
 A halo of shining glory,—
 I tell her of the old hall clock,
 How it used to say, 'Tick-tock—tick-tock!'
 And how one night it changed its ways,
 And now through minutes, hours, and days,
 It says for me and every one,
 When we have work that must be done:
 "Time ne'er comes back when once 'tis gone!"
 Go on—go on—go on—go on!"

Payson, Utah

Joseph Longking Townsend

HOLGER DANSKE'S "BRILLER," OR "SPECS"

BY HUGO D. E. PETERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE SWEDISH MISSION

When, recently, I read the announcement of the death of Patriarch Hans J. Christiansen, I was reminded of an incident which has engraved itself on my memory from the time I first labored in Scandinavia as editor of *Nordstjarnan*. He was then the president of the Copenhagen conference.

A little north of Copenhagen, on "Norre Felledén," there were two tiny lakes. They were located close to each other, round in shape, one a little larger than the other, and for many generations have been named "Holger Danske's Briller." ("Specs.") The largest of these, until some years ago, for more than a generation served as a baptismal font, in which our elders in the Copenhagen branch baptized converts. Baptismal services were more often held on Sunday nights, than otherwise, after the regular evening meeting. Some of the singers, sometimes the whole choir, would accompany the elder and convert, or converts, to the "Specs." This place of baptism was used both winter and summer, and more baptisms were performed in the winter time than at any other season. For many years there was a family living in close proximity to this baptismal place, on whom the elders would call for an axe to be used to open a sufficient hole in the ice, sometimes a foot thick. At times this was done in the afternoon in preparation for the services in the evening, but in extremely cold weather the hole was frequently frozen over before the arrival of the baptismal party, so, the axe was carried along, and left at its hiding place on the return to the city, to be used again on the next occasion.

One Sunday evening President Christiansen was to perform baptismal services at the "Specs." The night was dark, but not cold. Choir members were to accompany the party, but in the eagerness to notify one another about the occurrence, it had come to the knowledge of some strangers who decided to have some fun, as they thought. The party, on going to a baptismal service, would always walk out quietly; it was on the return to the city that the beautiful songs of Zion would resound over the wide field and through the streets in the outskirts of the city. On the evening here referred to, the party had just arrived at the edge of the water, the ladies had surrounded their soon-to-be sister, and President Christiansen was surrounded by the brethren a little distance away, and was just about to prepare himself for going into the water with his candidate when, in the dark distance he espied some moving, lighted objects approaching. Several men soon appeared on the spot; two men smoking cigars, with a

policeman walking between them, came up to President Christiansen and the brethren. It was the lights from the cigars that had arrested Brother Christiansen's attention, shining as they did, in the dark like a couple of small lanterns on a rocking vessel.

"What's going on here?" demanded the policeman.

"We have come here to perform a baptism," replied Elder Christiansen.

"A baptism? Out here! Why, such are performed in the churches, not out in the open air, and in the dark!"

President Christiansen informed the policeman and his companions who they were and told them of our beliefs, our mode of baptism, and why we baptized in this little body of water, explaining that we did so for the same reason that John baptized in Enon, "because there was much water there." And after a little further conversation President Christiansen asked the officer if he had any objection to the ordinance being performed then and there.

"Not at all; go ahead with your baptism," he replied.

The strangers who came along with the policeman started demonstrations, making boisterous and slurring remarks, which the officer instantly stopped, demanding them to be quiet and respectful, "while these people are performing their baptism." After that well deserved rebuke, they behaved both during and after the services. They had really brought a policeman along to keep an eye on themselves and make them act decently.

The "Specs" themselves have now vanished. They are dried out, and only a small slough shows where the one "eye" once was located, while the other has disappeared altogether. They have served their purpose. We have no further use for them, since there is provision made for baptismal services in the L. D. S. chapel in Copenhagen. On our travel hither, we passed through Copenhagen, and were pleasantly entertained there by President John S. Hansen, who, with righteous pride, showed us the beautiful chapel our people own there, and all its appointments, including the chaste, white baptismal room with its font surrounded by a highly polished brass railing.

Stockholm, Sweden

Life

Well born, we to greatness aspire;
 Well brought-up, we heed duty's call.
 Well married is life's urgent desire;
 Well dead is the crown of all.

Sandy, Utah

Enoch Jorgensen

HELPS IN TEACHER-TRAINING

WRITTEN FOR THE GENERAL CHURCH BOARD OF EDUCATION
BY L. JOHN NUTTALL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Periods of Growth—Adolescence

(To accompany Lesson XXI, *How We Learn*, Teacher-Training
Text, 1923-24.)

"At this time when the youth first becomes capable of contributing to the life of the race, and of actually doing something for the group to which he belongs, his ambitions are aroused, and he dreams and plans for great deeds and great honors. The desire for approval is strong, but there is also a genuine impulse to self-sacrifice. Youths, in all ages, have been ready to risk life, limb and reputation, not chiefly because they are ignorant and rash, but because they have an instinctive tendency to disregard self and act for others. Youths are then also for the first time genuinely selfish; since, if a selfish act is done now, it may be in opposition to an altruistic impulse, while before this it had involved only a choice between immediate and remote pleasures for self. True, selfishness merges only when both the lower individualistic and the higher altruistic impulses are felt. The adolescent may therefore be the most selfish or the most self-sacrificing of beings, and is often each by turns."

From what source comes this idealistic unselfishness? Sex is functioning. Sex means the great responsibilities of parenthood and service to race and human kind. Each adolescent feels these great impulses but desires most to determine for himself or herself the form of expression they are to take. Mother may enslave herself to daughter and the girl assume that her great mission calls her into social life or school until mother's condition is taken for granted. In another similar case, daughter refuses sociability and devotes herself too much to home duties. Some boys plan to go to work; others to go to school; others assume the coming of inherited wealth and plan philanthropies. To teach social requirements, accepted standards of conduct, approved literature, to such young people without putting a dogmatic personality in conflict with independent youth is one of the arts of good teaching. Speaking negatively, one of our greatest failures comes when teachers try to impose personal opinion on adolescents. The results generally are lack of respect for the institution in which such teaching is done and an attitude of defiance at leadership. To understand an adolescent one must understand the conditions of any individual or institution during reorganization. Old ideas are considered childish and are displaced in consciousness by a multitude of new experiences. New instincts mature. Objects that were before attractive are no longer so. The body that was so skillful before is now changed in its size and proportions and needs to be mastered again. Social consciousness begins and praise and attention are craved, but whenever the youth begins to act, new bodily sensations pour into consciousness, and he becomes so keenly aware of himself that he is shy and abashed. Most confusing of all are the many powerful sensations accompanying sex. Teachers of adolescents must help analyze this new mental complex, discover to the student gradually his new powers, and the new significance the world has assumed, and teachers should associate each of these elements with activity which is noble, pure and helpful. Without this guidance the sensations from within take control of consciousness, morbid self-analysis occurs and the negative expressions of adolescence lead to sensual tendencies and acts of crime. Youth may clash at times with the ideals of complete maturity, but youth is longing for help in

analyzing his new life so that real adjustment to man's or woman's estate may be good and helpful.

One of our recent psychologies lists for teachers the following elements of adolescence. This discussion is based largely on the famous work of G. Stanley Hall:

1. A heightened sense of self—youth is naturally bashful, self-conscious, sensitive.

2. An age of dreams—ambitions are often too vast for achievement but lead the way to greatness. These need interpretation and criticism.

3. A social age—team play; pride in family, town, state and nation; patriotism—all these are new feelings expressing themselves.

4. An age of restlessness—"Eternal seeking after new experiences, new sensations, new excitements, new stimuli." These seem to satisfy the uninterpreted new impulses. Jane Addams calls this the "Quest for Adventure," and describes both wonderful experiences in morality and tragic endings in crime. Let well selected books and lessons, M. I. A. hikes, parties, and various entertainments, dramatics, community fairs and celebrations furnish this element rather than let youth find it alone in public dance halls, sensational motion pictures, automobile riding, and unusual "thrillers" at resorts.

5. An age of moods. Expect him to shift from sociability to solitude; from ecstasy to discouragement and despair, etc.; understand him, help him, don't use force or sarcasm.

6. An age of omnivorous reading—with modern education as effective as it is, this grows rapidly in importance. From the days when boys hid "Diamond Dick" in the haystack, and girls read novels clandestinely in the kitchen or attic, we have progressed to an age of libraries and thousands of books. Works of fiction are in good repute—the danger lies in permitting pupils to develop an appetite for only romantic sex experiences. If properly introduced, books of travel, invention, scientific achievements, history and biography may be equally satisfying.

7. An age of religious searching. This will be discussed in detail in a later lesson.

8. An age of sexual interest. Few people can look back and recall clearly just how the change took place, but all know that they became interested in the opposite sex. Men admire girls, become conscious of their beauty and their charms, eagerly try to assist them in acts of chivalry and assume in this way a protective attitude. Girls respect and sympathize with men and admire their achievements. Comradeship and friendship should in this way exist previous to any passionate attraction between young people. To do this the social mingling should be frequent and quite free but long periods of close individual contact should be avoided. Instinct may overcome ideal alone, but when the ideal is accompanied by habits of observance of well established social rules, the young person is fairly safe. These habits need to be formed before the sex function becomes too dominant. Girls should get used to adult companionship so that a chaperone later is not a reflection on their ability to control themselves. Boys need to meet with men, accompany them, have men accepted as companions so that regulation later is not so repulsive. This attraction of the sexes is the most beautiful and constructive tendency in all life. Out of it grows our entire civilization. Its significance needs to be taught, but an extreme bluntness destroys often the needed modesty which nature has given as a safeguard against mistake. Individual courtship in later adolescence is the natural outgrowth of this happy sociable mingling of boys and girls. It will come without urging and if accompanied by proper vocational ambition and ideals of civic responsibilities in home making will not be a source of worry or sorrow on the part of parents and teachers.

9. An age of great plasticity of nervous tissue.—Subject to all the influences around him, impressed from all sides, the habits or attitudes of life of the adolescent are generally quite permanently formed. It is the age

of effective teaching especially when this is done as a process of thinking rather than as a process of imposed standards and authoritative decrees.

To these descriptive phrases should be added another. Adolescence is an age of vocational choice, and aggressive home-building tendencies. This is partly an expression of sex. It is partly an expression of the attitude of service. But it is also a separate tendency toward parenthood. Space will not permit a detailed discussion of the use of this tendency. Sometimes it is depended on entirely before it fully appears and the young person becomes disgusted. Sometimes it is ignored and parents continue a patronizing attitude toward the dependent child who soon becomes restless. Sometimes teachers use it successfully as a motive for moral self-control. *Economic success should always be presented to young people as a means of successful parenthood and not as an ultimate goal.*

All of the above mental characteristics accompany the physical changes described in the outlines. They dominate all mental processes. Imagination deals with ambitions, day dreams, romance, adventure, and invention. Constructive imagination must replace the romantic gradually. Thought is expressed in intellectual games, independent opinions, individual differences in interests and conclusions, choice of language, and expressed purposes in what is done and often shown in the great difficulty experienced in reaching decisions. Play is co-operative and social. Appreciation turns to art, music and poetry. Rhythmic activity and dancing are natural and liked. Interest attaches itself naturally to matters connected with sex attraction and adult activities. Similarity to adults but independence of actions seems to be desired.

Although adolescence is the period of greatest moral danger and of very marked health crises, yet it is also the most constructive period of life. Teachers should strive to point out its possibilities, stimulate good activities, and hold clearly in view the attainable standards of real manhood, and of real religion, rather than tend to repress, point out penalties, and call attention to the negative possibilities.

Home

It seems so peaceful here at home,
 When the hard day's work is through—
 We choose a book or magazine,
 And read for an hour or two;
 It seems so cheerful, when at night
 We gather 'round the fire—
 Then comes the jokes, we laugh and jest,
 Sometimes, we have a family choir.

We tell our stories, troubles too!
 Our home life is our best.
 So, when we're up against the blues,
 In some hard task in life,
 We try to bring our courage up,
 To clear away the strife.

A home is just the best thing yet—
 With parents, folks and friends,
 A place of refuge—yes, a wall
 Where every trial ends!

Monroe, Utah

Weston Nordgran

THE GREAT DRAMA OF LIFE

BY A. RAY OLPIN, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

It is often more convenient to learn of the original through study and analysis of a duplicate or imitation.

Not everyone is blessed with the opportunity and means to visit the galleries of the world's masterpieces of art. So people learn of them by the study of copies.

The comparative topography and general outlines of the nations of the world are better understood through the study of scale charts, maps and models.

So also is the great Drama of Life, the masterpiece of God, more conveniently studied by means of the mere perspective, diminutive copy, the drama of the stage.

All dramas should be patterned after the original plan made by God. The modern theatrical stage should be a miniature of the great design of the Creator, and the themes enacted thereon condensed forms of the great prototype—the Drama of Life.

The earth, God's footstool, is the stage on which the actors perform. Humanity plays the leading roles, aptly responding to the efficient coaching of the great Author.

The Drama is divided into acts or dispensations, the purpose of which is the fulfilment of some definite aim leading up to the culmination of the purpose of the whole.

These acts are interrelated and progressive, one introducing another. With the passing of each the plot develops and deepens. Each seems to involve a situation calling for solution.

Much is left to be consummated in the final act. All former scenes lead up to it.

Then the announcement is duly made and the curtain rises on the concluding scene. Action is intense and rapid. The happenings revert back to former acts, and the mysteries of the plot are unravelled in quick succession. Startling events and unlooked for results of previous epochs characterize this period.

This act, in the great Drama of Life, is the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. It is the beginning of the end. After its termination the stage will be reset, the same characters will appear in different roles and a new performance will be ushered in.

The renewed earth in its paradisaical glory will be the setting for the new production. Humanity, clothed in the robes of the resurrected, will proceed to interpret a new, more advanced and perfected plot.

Provo, Utah

LIFE'S VISIONS AND PURPOSES

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1923-24

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, AND DEAN
HARRISON V. HOYT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Lesson X—Physical Fitness

- A. Questions to be Answered by Members. 15 minutes.
1. Discuss health as a state of freedom from disease and of fullness of energy, and laziness as a form of physical unfitness. 2 minutes.
 2. Under what circumstances is it sinful to be ill or physically unfit? 2 minutes.
 3. In which cases did Jesus treat physical unfitness as states of sinfulness? 2 minutes.
 4. How does eating, when in a state of mental strain, affect one's physical fitness? 2 minutes.
 5. Why do doctors recommend the drinking of a glass of water the first thing in the morning, as a means of keeping one physically fit? 2 minutes.
 6. Show the physical fitness value of asking the blessing at meal times? 2 minutes.
 7. Discuss auto-intoxication, showing how it interferes with physical fitness. 3 minutes.
- B. Theme for Teacher's Talk. 15 minutes.
- a. Nature will carry the physical fitness of the parents over to the children to the third and fourth generation. 15 minutes.
 - b. Standards of Physical Fitness.
- C. Topic for Class Discussion. 10 minutes.
- The spread of whooping-cough, measles, and mumps is preventable; and their prevalence indicates a community carelessness paid for by the unnecessary death of many children *who have a right to live*.
- D. Assignment of Next Lesson.
- E. Social Period. Activities.
- F. Some Subject Matter to Aid in Preparation.

Physical fitness means theologically a condition of the body that will permit the spirit to perform its mission in the mortal estate. It means sociologically, a state or condition of the body that will not endanger the safety or comfort of others. It means industrially a condition of body that will ensure the doing of the work attempted or assigned.

Milton's blindness did not unfit him as a writer of *Paradise Lost*, but it made him unfit for many other things. Vocations should be chosen with a view of complying with the law of "The eternal fitness of things." No one would harness a race horse to a plow and expect good work.

Physical fitness, for joyous existence, requires freedom from disease and a desire to be doing things. Laziness, whether habitual or natural, is a symptom of physical unfitness. The constitutionally tired person is always more or less ill.

No one is physically fit for society who has any ailment which may be "caught."

If the measles germ could be seen, by the naked eye; if we were forced to wear powerful magnifying glasses when whooping-cough microbes are brought within reach of children, we would be so terrified

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If the measles germ could be seen, by the naked eye; if we were forced to wear powerful magnifying glasses when whooping-cough microbes are brought within reach of children, we would be so terrified

that the person who was careless about quarantine regulations would be listed as guilty of criminal carelessness. These germs are worse than wolves; more dangerous than rattlesnakes; because their approach is not accompanied by any sort of warning.

There can be no general individual physical fitness without community physical fitness.

It is a sin to be carelessly sick in the midst of opportunities to keep well. We are told that blessings under the laws of heaven are obtainable only through obedience to law, and the greatest earth-blessing is health. Jesus made sin and disease synonymous when he said to the sick man, "thy sins be forgiven thee."

Our mental states have much to do with our physical fitness. Fear, anger, anxiety, in fact all of the negative emotions, handicap the physical organs in the performance of their functions. The meal time should be as free from agitation and as full of comfort and good cheer as possible. The custom of "asking a blessing" has an intrinsic physical-fitness value. It tends to produce a spiritual atmosphere conducive to a poise of physical ease. When Jesus gave thanks at the seaside dinner, where thousands were served, he not only taught gratitude to God, but he applied a law of health.

An eminent twentieth century "medicine man" (M. D.) remarked, "Their name is legion who are slowly but surely dying from dosing when a glass of cold water, first thing in the morning, would give them new life."

Auto-intoxication—a kind of self drunkenness, is indulged in by all persons who overwork. The Sabbath day observance has a physical fitness side that cannot be ignored without working an injury to the individual and a deterioration of the race. Recently an eminent lecturer spoke on the theme of postponing one's funeral, and among other splendid suggestions he pointed out the consistency of treating our bodies by having them over-hauled as if they were as valuable as automobiles. A physical examination is a sort of stock taking of our physical capital. It is too often made, however, with a view of finding out what we have that we want to get rid of rather than what we have that we want to keep. The custom of going to the examiner to find out how well we are rather than how ill we are would be a *good one*.

No little interest is being taken in the fixing of a standard of physical fitness for marriage. The idea is gaining ground that certificates of health should accompany, or be made a part of, a marriage license. Such a measure would be in keeping with the theory that civilization depends on a practical interest in the unborn.

Great minds are having visions of a "super-man," and the best of mankind is full of purpose concerning an increase of physical fitness. Science is seen helping religion in the fulfilment of the Divine declaration, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold." (Isaiah 13: 12.) High grade manhood is even today more precious than gold. Physical manhood, intellectual manhood, spiritual manhood.

Lesson XI—Spiritual Strength

A. Questions and Problems for Members.

1. Give what you think is the best illustration of what spiritual strength is. 1 minute.
2. Why are miracles never performed by an infidel? 1 minute.
3. Show the impossibility of spiritual power being exercised by an atheist. 1 minute.
4. Discuss this proposition: A spiritual gift makes a person more than himself. Illustrate. 2 minutes.

5. Compare the conversion of Peter, who believed in Jesus, with the conversion of Saul, who did not believe in Jesus as the Christ. 3 minutes.
6. Show that all spiritual strength is a gift from God, (a) the direct, (b) the indirect. 2 minutes.
7. Which is of most daily concern to us, the spiritual gifts or spiritual growth? 1 minute.
8. Quote and give reference to the scripture that gives us information concerning the development of Jesus from his infancy to twelve years of age, and account for his ability to astonish the theologians in the temple where his mother found him. 2 minutes.
9. What is a life vision, a life's purpose? Illustrate. 1 minute.
10. Name from memory the seven "keeps" in this lesson. 1 minute.

- B. Teacher's Prepared Talk on Doctrine and Covenants 3:3-4. 15 minutes.
- C. Class discussion. 10 minutes.
- D. Assignment and Work for next Lesson. 5 minutes.
- E. Social Unit Period. 15-30 minutes.
- F. Some Subject Matter, to Aid in Preparation.

1. *What Spiritual Strength Is.* Spiritual strength is that strength which comes from the Lord as special spiritual gifts, or through spiritual activity. It is an addition to the human self. It makes the physical self and the intellectual self more than themselves. It was the spiritual reinforcement of David's physical strength that made him stronger than a lion and the victor in a duel with a giant. David himself testifies to the reinforcement of his natural strength and accuracy of aim. (1 Samuel 17:37, 46.) It was spiritual reinforcement that carried the intellectual of Joseph over the difficulty that had baffled the wise men of Egypt. He acknowledges his necessity for spiritual strength by saying to the king, "IT IS NOT IN ME." (Gen. 41:15.) A study of hymn number 256, beginning, "Daniel's wisdom may I know," will be helpful in extending illustrations of spiritual strength.
2. *Three Types of Spiritual Strength.*

(a) *The Direct, or Special Gift Type.* Sometimes referred to as the gifts of the Holy Ghost; gifts of the Spirit. See 1 Cor. 12: 4-11.

(b) *The Spiritual Growth Type.* This type of spiritual strength comes from spiritual environment, spiritual companionship, spiritual study, and more than all, from spiritual activity or works. It becomes a permanent part of one's spiritual character. It is at once a gift from God and an acquisition of man. It is the result of the generosity of God and the fidelity of man.

Information concerning the life of Jesus, from the time he was blessed in the temple as an infant to the time of his discussing doctrine with the theologians in the temple, at twelve years of age, is limited to what is recorded in Luke 2:40-41. Brief as is this record, it is strikingly important. The sentence, "And the Child grew and waxed strong in spirit," reveals what would take pages to describe. His was the ideal life; and of that ideal life the growth of spiritual strength is placed as a concomitant of, not as a pre-requisite of, wisdom and the grace of God.

(c) *The Unrecognized, or Sub-conscious Type.* This type of spiritual strength is possessed by most people most of the time. It is that type referred to in the scripture, "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Columbus was inspired, though he may not have recognized that he was being wrought upon by the Spirit of the Lord. The pilgrims and the patriots possessed this type of spiritual strength for

they were "wrought upon by the Spirit of the Lord." (Book of Mormon 1 Nephi 30:12.) The framers of our constitution were possessors of this type of spiritual strength. (D. & C. 101:80.) Although Morse acknowledged the power of God in assisting him to make the lightning speak, it is questionable as to whether he was conscious of the presence of the inspiration of the Almighty, as such, during his experiments. The first message sent over the wire, "What hath God wrought?" was an acknowledgment of God in results.

3. *The Condition for Spiritual Strength.*

(a) *Confidence in its Source.* No one ever heard of an infidel performing a miracle in the name of Christ, or of an atheist showing superhuman power. Persons who find God without faith in him are those who are being brought to trial. "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. 10:31); but it is a glorious thing to *share* the strength of the living God. The first condition of this sharing is faith, without which, God cannot be effectively drawn upon. "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

(b) *Obedience.* Disobedience is a condition from which spiritual strength withdraws. Spiritual strength can no more remain with the neglect of spiritual duties, or the violation of spiritual law than physical strength can continue where there is poison or absence of exercise. A spiritual gift neglected soon begins to vanish.

Seven Suggestions for Becoming and Keeping Spiritually Strong.

1. Keep clean, in person, thought, and action.
2. Keep up correspondence with the Lord.
3. Keep the Word of Wisdom.
4. Keep the Lord's store house ledger account honestly balanced.
5. Keep on the Lord's side in every controversy.
6. Keep a life vision of being spiritually strong.
7. Keep full of *high* spiritual purpose.

Lesson XII—Individual Estimates of the Course, Social, Intellectual and Spiritual

A. Questions to be answered by members.

1. How have you enjoyed the class?
2. What particular phase or part of the work has been of most value to you?
3. What suggestions have you to make concerning the class work?
4. What subject would you like to take up for the next year's course?

B. Teachers' expression concerning the class work and the course for next year.

C. Assignment of next lesson. Preparation.

D. Social unit period.

Note: Kindly send to the *Improvement Era* or *Young Woman's Journal*, the name of the subject that most of the members of the class favor for our next year's course.

"We appreciate, the *Improvement Era* in these distant, scattered islands and look forward to the steamer that brings us a bundle of them. Our elders would be lost without them. After reading the letters from loved ones in Zion their next demand is for the *Era*."—Mark V. Coombs, President Tongan Mission.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Lesson III—Practices and Rehearsals

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

"There is no royal road to choir singing, any more than to other things. A first rate trainer will produce a first rate choir; but only if he has sufficient time in which to teach them. Good singing involves steady and constant work, and those who are unable, or unwilling, to give this can never hope for the best results. In no form of activity can efficiency be attained without regular application, but in none less than in singing. The watchword should be 'hard work.'"—*A. Madeley Richardson.*

The learning of music, in one regard, is like physical culture—if one is to profit from it, practice must be engaged in regularly. One cannot "cram" in gymnasium work; it is the regular periods of floor work which build the body. The work cannot be neglected for a space, and then the good to the body made up by longer work at one session. So with the practice of music—no amount of extra time, in one session, can make up for a lapse of practices. It is the daily recurrence of the practice that develops the mind and muscles.

One of the first requisites for a good choir is a regular, set time for rehearsal. In most wards, this time has been named by the presiding authorities. When once set, it should be rigidly adhered to, and the chorister has the right to insist that nothing shall interfere with it. It should be at a time when it is the most convenient for the greatest number, and when there is least probability of distracting members' attention from choir work. No choir can hope to succeed, if the time for practice is changed about to suit every arising contingency. Being among the most important in the life of the ward, its work must be given every advantage with the least possible interference.

In practices, punctuality and order are of great importance, and required both of singers and conductor. Promptness and precision throughout the rehearsal are points to remember. No moment of time should be lost; as few words as possible spoken, and these always to the point. The singers have come out to sing—not to be lectured to. From start to finish the mind should be fixed upon the work in hand and not allowed to wander. Time is valuable, and many attend rehearsal at a considerable sacrifice of their time.

Each chorister must plan his rehearsal as best suits these circumstances. The most profitable rehearsal ought to last about one hour and thirty minutes. Mr. F. W. Wodell, director of the Peoples' Choral Union, of Boston, divides the time as follows:

Drill in voice-culture and singing	15 minutes
Hymns or simple anthems already in rehearsal	15 minutes
Taking up new music	30 minutes
Rest	10 minutes
Perfecting one or more numbers	20 minutes

The value of this plan lies in the fact that definite objectives are set, and every division has its time. Nothing is neglected by non-preparation as to time allotment. Mr. Wodell adds to this plan:

"The time allotted for voice-culture is likely to be as fruitful in good results as any portion of the rehearsal session. * * * At least one number should be perfected—that is, thoroughly prepared for performance, at each rehearsal. Thus is a genuine repertoire accumulated. Some choirs have many selections partially learned, but practically no one piece thoroughly prepared."

It might be well to consider some suggestions on how to use the time of each division most profitably. A review of lesson 1 is urged, in order to keep clearly before the choristers the main functions of a choir. The chorister must prepare his work in advance, and have in mind a well defined program of procedure. In the practice of hymn singing, it is well to consider the character of the hymn: Is it to furnish atmosphere? Is it a prayer? Is it didactic? The drill then should be directed towards:

(1) A study of the words, (2) Tempo, power, tone quality, (3) Enunciation and articulation, (4) Dignified rendition, thoroughly in keeping with the song and the service.

Means should also be practiced to lead the congregation in songs, giving attention to correcting faults in the congregation, such as lagging, etc.

In taking up new music the chorister should remember that singers learn quickest when they understand best. Therefore, he must freely analyze the words; have the singers read them, in order to get the content, thought, and emotion. It is a good plan to have the four parts played slower than they are to be sung, requiring each division of the choir to follow with the eye, silently. The director should point out the rhythmic and melodic elements of the selection, and explain the tonalities (keys) and harmonies. If singers understand the keys through which they are led, they learn much more readily than where they are left to find tones without establishing their relationship to other tones, merely trying to locate them according to their position in the staff. Unusual and difficult passages should be practiced slowly, each progression being mastered as it comes. Some find it advantageous to do this on "a," then with words after it is firmly fixed in the mind.

In drilling the parts separately, it is well to have the strongest melodic part sing first, to provide the most natural agency for establishing a relationship of other parts. If this be in the soprano, then the strongest related part will be the bass, and this should be taken up next. The alto may now be added, and then the tenor, as these parts supply the tones which every ear feels are lacking when only soprano and bass sing. The important point is to provide the strongest lead, then to establish the other parts naturally, if possible in their relationship to this.

When the selection has been read thus, it is well to sing it through without stops, and then lay it aside for future perfecting. Mistakes in rhythm, intonation, and interval must be corrected completely at once. There may be many ways of taking up new music, but the chorister must exert himself to having the music learned in the shortest time, correctly and thoroughly. It is wise to stand to rehearse music that is to be sung standing, and vice versa. The manner and time for rising and sitting should be practiced, so that no haphazard shall take place before the congregation. For giving a choir confidence, unaccompanied singing is unequalled. No composition is thoroughly mastered until it can be sung correctly—tone, intonation, and expression—without instrumental accompaniment. Perfecting music that has been in rehearsal means that it must be note perfect, and then finished, regarding precision, phrasing, shading, tone, color, enunciation—all of which make up what is called an artistic performance.

Lessons on voice culture, etc., will follow in subsequent issues:

Discussion for Union Meeting:—

1. Why is it advantageous to have a regular time for practice?
2. What should be the conduct of the chorister in rehearsal?
3. Discuss the advantages of a plan such as the one suggested for rehearsal.
4. How would you proceed in teaching a new composition?
5. What constitutes an "artistic performance?"

Editors' Table

Thanksgiving Calls for Help

Recognizing, with thankful hearts the bounteous blessings that our people enjoy, in their mountain homes, the First Presidency of the Church, call attention to the hunger cry of children and the suffering Saints in Europe, in the following appeals which we have no doubt will find ready and quick response:

Notice

To the Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of Wards in all the Stakes of Zion:

Our people have been bounteously blessed during the present year and surely the cry of the poor shall not appeal to us in vain. Thousands of our poor Saints in Europe are in a desperate situation. Many of them will no doubt suffer for want of food. There are many thousands of suffering children that are being cared for by the Near East charities who also have claim upon our sympathies.

Sunday, December 2nd, is our regular fast day, when contributions for the poor are paid to the bishops of the wards. We request the presidencies of stakes and bishoprics of wards and the Relief Society organizations also, to take upon themselves the labor of visiting the Saints under their jurisdiction, and of inviting everyone to attend the fast day services on the first Sunday of December, prepared to make generous contributions for the relief of those whose poverty and suffering are appalling.

Detailed instructions will be sent from the Presiding Bishop's office.

HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
ANTHONY W. IVINS,
First Presidency.

Notice

To Presidents of Stakes, Bishops of Wards and Relief Societies:

Information just received from our mission headquarters in Germany states that the poverty of the Saints in that land is most distressing. Used clothing and shoes of all kinds for men, women and children will be a great blessing to those poor Latter-day Saints.

We desire that the Relief Societies of all the wards and stakes in the Church shall collect and put in order and repair used clothing and shoes, and forward same at the earliest possible date to the head-

quarters of the Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City. Prompt action is requested. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
ANTHONY W. IVINS,
First Presidency.

How to Promote the Tobacco Slogan

Frequently we obtain inquiries as to what our organizations can do to promote our slogan, "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco." Some days ago the *Improvement Era* received an illustration of how this may well be done, particularly, since many tobacco advertisements appear in magazines printed outside of the state of Utah and circulate here.

That active effort is required to promote the slogan is evident from the fact that Charles T. Prisk, superintendent of the Cigarette Revenue Department of State Treasurer W. D. Sutton's office, reported recently that the stamp sales from May 8, when the law went into effect, up to November 8, 1923, covering six months, amounted to \$63,235.82, which was the gross revenue to the state. He calls attention further to the fact, "that, using 10% as a basis for the tax on cigarettes, the result is approximately \$632,000 worth of cigarettes were consumed lawfully throughout the state in the past six months." This does not include other forms of tobacco sold. From this it appears that Utah is consuming over \$105,000 a month in cigarette smoke, which is absolutely a dead loss. Besides, it deteriorates mental and spiritual power, lowers physical ability, makes men and women smaller, meaner, more selfish and arrogant, shortens life, to say nothing of the fact that the user has to pay great financial penalties to bring all this trouble upon himself. Then think what that vast sum of money would do in building useful industries, in education, and in promoting the states in developed resources.

The illustration comes to hand from Mr. J. Cecil Alter, meteorologist, United States Weather Bureau, Salt Lake City. He recently called the attention of Kuppenheimer & Company, clothing merchants, Chicago and New York, to an advertisement which they carried in the *Saturday Evening Post* for October 20, 1923. He sincerely commended and approved this advertisement and said in a letter to them:

"I have not noticed before this advertisement, such a fine picture display, in which one or more of the subjects was not smoking. The needless aim to dignify the smoking habit has nullified hundreds of advertisements for a goodly number of persons whom I know. There are five men in this office, a government office, and none of them smoke. I have three sons who wear tailor-made clothing of the Kuppenheimer variety, off the

shelf and on their backs; and I am grateful to say none of them has yet learned to smoke; nor do any one of their most intimate chums.

"Just why the biggest buyers of magazine space, like clothing merchants, should spend so much money advertising the smoking habit, another fellow's business, I never could see nor understand. Please note that I do not object to smoking, nor would I turn a finger to take this privilege from any one, except my own children; but I have yet to see a smoker who is not at least half sorry he began it. Only yesterday a very wealthy man told me that with the box of cigars he had just purchased, his cigar bill had risen to \$55 for this month, which, he regretfully admitted voluntarily, was 'too much.' I presume he had given a great many of them to friends.

"I am carrying this advertisement of yours to my boys, with the request to look out for the Kuppenheimer brand hereafter. You have proved that a man can look respectable without a pipe, cigar or cigarette in his mouth or his hand."

In answering Mr. Alter's timely and commendable communication, the Kuppenheimer clothing company under date of October 30, wrote him, among other items, stating:

"We are gratified indeed to receive your kind letter of October 19.

** * * We have had quite a few eulogisms about the illustration you commented on, and a similar point to the one you took reached us from Atlantic City where a gentleman was also moved to express his approval on a drawing featuring a group of men not smoking."*

Z. C. M. I., which firm represents the Kuppenheimer house in Salt Lake City, received a copy of the letter written by the latter to Mr. Alter and in turn wrote Mr. Alter that they were very much interested in its contents, because they are perfectly in accord with the sentiments expressed therein. In all their clothing advertisements and cuts, the cigarette and the cigar are eliminated, although many of the cuts that come to them have these prominently displayed. When they cannot obliterate the tobacco display they do not use the cuts or the circulars at all.

There are undoubtedly many people whose favorite magazines from the east are full of advertisements in which cigarettes and tobacco are pictured. If these subscribers will take action similar to Mr. Alter's, both the publishers and the advertisers will likely omit, or be inclined to do so, all cigarette and cigar displays. In this way the subscribers will aid the cause, doing a good turn to the readers and also promote the non-use and non-sale of tobacco among the youth of the land. Like action could be taken in calling the attention of publishers of novels and stories to the fact that they are only advertising the tobacco business, when cigar and cigarette smoking is so frequently mentioned in the texts and otherwise, in places where such mention has absolutely no significance except to advertise smoking and the use of tobacco. So likewise with the movies. Both the manufacturers of films and the local play houses have become the inveterate free advertisers of the tobacco interests. They needlessly dignify the smoking habit, "the other fellow's business."—A.

Cheering Word from President David O. McKay

Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve and President of the British mission, forwards these refreshing words to the *Improvement Era* under date of October 26:

"Some of our deacons' quorums are now prepared to follow a prescribed course of study. * * * Our prospects are brightening. We feel happy in the work, are enjoying excellent health, find plenty to do, and rejoice in the association of the choicest group of young men that can be found anywhere. The only thing we lack and greatly miss is the association of our true friends in far-off Utah. A grasp of your hand this morning would do me a world of good."

We heartily reciprocate this comforting message from one of the great leaders of the youth of the Church, and assure him that the work is growing by leaps and bounds in Zion. The Priesthood quorums, the Relief societies, the Sunday schools, the Mutuels, the Primaries, and the Religion classes throughout the land are growing in numbers, interest and efficiency, with a membership of young people—clean in thought and action, strong in innocence, purity determination and genuine character. The leadership of these great organizations is improving, and through more efficient service, and by the aid of the Spirit of the Lord, the efforts of the brethren and sisters at the head of these organizations are resulting in wonderful progress, and in the best good to the greatest number. There are many thousands of young people in the Church who are the most worthy of men and women in all the earth—clear-eyed, honest, upright, anxious in the service of righteousness—and with whom it is a privilege and delight to labor.

We wish our young friends and their beloved leader in England joy, health, peace, and temporal and spiritual prosperity and welfare, in the coming year; and are glad to note that the deacons' quorums in that country are now prepared to study and to follow in the counsels and admonitions of the Priesthood.—A.

On Mixing in European Affairs

One of the questions that has been before the American public for some time is whether our country ought, or ought not, to mix in European affairs.

Failure to analyze this question properly is the cause of a great deal of misunderstanding concerning it.

In more than one sense of the word, the United States must mix in the affairs of the rest of the world. We are in a world which, by reason of modern inventions has become quite small as to distances. It is our world, because we live in it and are affected by what transpires in almost any part of it. Business is world business. It is

not confined to any country or district any more. Social relations are international. Scientific activities concern all the world. Calamities strike all the world. We can no more dissociate ourselves from the rest of the world in the vital activities of human existence than we can sever a limb from the body without interfering with our normal condition. American capital is pulsating all through the veins and arteries of the financial and commercial, and even charitable institutions of the human family. Stop its flow and the entire business world becomes affected.

To some extent, therefore, even the politics of the rest of the world is of interest to us. Other nations are our near neighbors, and it concerns us whether they live in peace with one another, or whether they quarrel and keep a rough house all the time. It concerns us whether they are down with contagious disease, or enjoying good health. It concerns us whether they keep sanitary or not. A great many other things in their affairs are of vital importance to us, a policy of isolation seems to us absolutely impossible now, and we have a right to demand that they abandon any line of action that may bring calamity and ruin to us. But we believe that is about as far as our interest in their polity should go.

President Adams, in 1797, said:

"Although it is very true that we ought not to involve ourselves in the political system of Europe, but to keep ourselves always distinct and separate from it *if we can* * * * However we may consider ourselves, the maritime and commercial powers of the world will consider the United States of America as forming a weight in that balance of power in Europe which never can be forgotten or neglected."

This statement of what our conduct ought to be as regards European affairs cannot be improved upon. We should not enter into any "permanent alliance"—as George Washington expresses it—with one nation against another. At the same time we should never forget that our country, because of its advantages, is a large factor in the balance of power, whether with or without our consent, and this position, this power, we should always use for the benefit, the peace and prosperity of ourselves and all men. Only so do we fill our divinely appointed mission in the world.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Eight Baptisms Near Palmyra, New York

President Rulon Nuttall, of the Rochester Conference, Eastern States mission, reports: "Seven branches of the Church are organized in this conference under the faithful efforts of the branch presidents and local members. These branches have continued their work in the absence of the elders while out on their summer campaign. The drive for new converts ended at the Joseph Smith farm in Palmyra, New York, September 23, in the vicinity of which memorable spot, the members of this conference have been

working. Much opposition has been met in the country districts because of old stories afloat concerning the Prophet Joseph and his work. But the elders have succeeded, in this campaign, in breaking the prejudice to a large extent. Recently a baptismal service was held at the Joseph Smith farm by President Nuttall and Elder Driggs. Two members were added to the Church. Eight baptisms have been performed during the summer campaign. "The spirit of unity prevails and God is blessing our efforts."



Missionaries top row, left to right: H. Wayne Driggs, Salt Lake City; Ada McArthur, Mt. Pleasant; Houston Hatch, Panguitch, Utah. Middle row: Loa Christensen, Brigham; Rulon Nuttall, conference president, Provo; Alice Kuhre, Sandy. Bottom row: Max I. McClay, Ogden; Emma H. Brown, Ogden; Jesse W. Hooper, Jr., Brigham. Below: Jesse L. Thornley, Layton, Utah.

Ruins of Catholic Church in Hillegersberg, Holland

Elder Leon C. Walton, Rotterdam, Holland, under date of August 20, reports that he with other elders recently visited an old Protestant church. "Nine hundred years ago a Dutch lady, Hillegond, built a castle and fort upon a little hill nearby the village of Hillegersberg. Two centuries later the family residence was reduced to ruins; and early in the fifteenth century the Roman Catholics built a Church there, using the castle's tower for the spire of a new structure. For one hundred fifty years this was the center of Catholic activities in this locality. But, when, during the Reformation, the

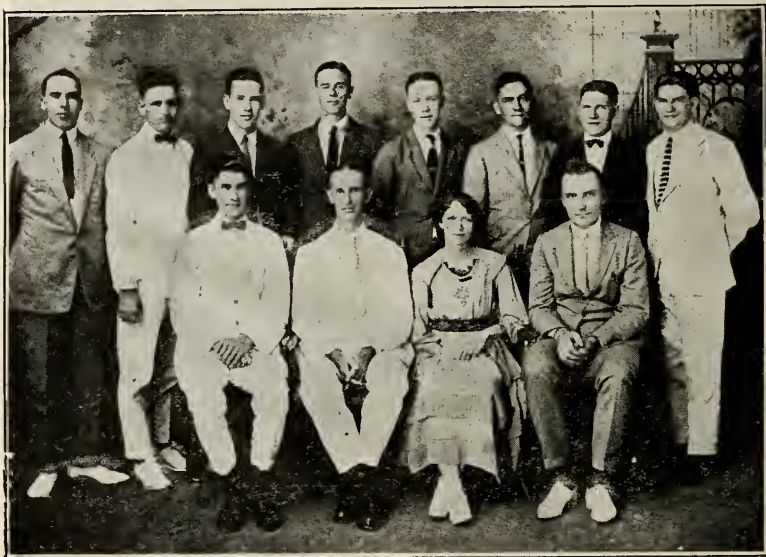


Papal authority collapsed, the Protestants used this ancient structure as a place of worship and have done so for the last three hundred fifty years." The accompanying photo was taken inside the ruins of the old fort built in the eleventh century and shows, left to right, Elder L. C. Walton, President J. J. DeBrij, and Elder Frank J. Murdock, all of Salt Lake City. "The large iron rings in the foreground are used to raise the concrete slabs, giving access to burial places beneath. We tracted the nearby district and spent many hours in disseminating the gospel light and bearing testimony to the divinity of the great Latter-day work."

A Whiff of South Sea Air and Mission News

Recently the elders of Western Samoa met for the specific purpose of holding some elders' meetings. The object was fully attained in the rich inspiration that came to us in each of the meetings held, and in the association together after a separation of several months. Among all the experiences and joys of any elder, nothing holds the genuine joy and satisfaction derived from elders' meetings. The meetings were no exception to this rule. We say in all sincerity that it is nothing for us to go into sessions as early as seven in the evening, and remain so until midnight, without a single missionary noting the passing of the hours, and each with a heart melted to

tears. As a result of the meetings we have already noted an awakening, and within two weeks, twenty-one baptisms have taken place in three villages in the neighborhood of Apia. Tithing also is coming in in increasing volume. In other ways the work of the Lord is taking on impetus here, and prospects are very encouraging just now. In order that the home folks might glimpse the dozen missionaries referred to in this paragraph, we enclose a group photograph, with the explanation that no finer, more faithful, more lovable or purer bunch of boys can be found the world around. I have just received our release, August 23, and leave for Zion soon. It has been a wonderful period in the life of both my good wife and myself to have had the experience of this mission.

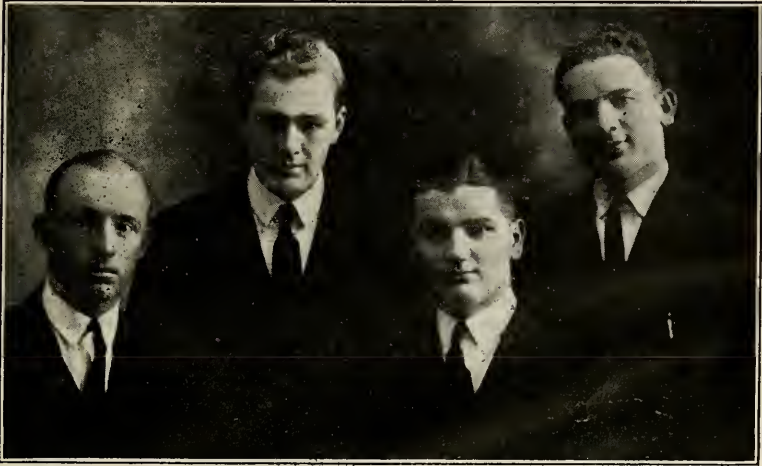


Left to right, back row: D. Ross Hale, Melvin S. Newman, Albert W. Bonham, Rulon E. Johnson, Melvin G. Wagstaff, Henry C. Jacobs, Joseph A. Fluit, Frank N. Stephens. Front row: B. J. Nicholls, John Q. Adams, Sister Thurza T. Adams, Richard L. Johnson.—*John Q. Adams*, Mission President.

Good Results From a Visit to Utah

Elder Walter D. Francis, of Adelaide, South Australia, reports on September 1, that many friends are being made who defend the truth and give their time and means to entertain the elders. House to house visits are made, street, as well as cottage and hall meetings are held, and much indifference has been broken down. "The fact that we now have our own Church building, bearing our proper name, in which we are privileged to worship, has caused considerable comment and investigation, and has produced good fruits. Much indifference and cold-heartedness toward us has been overcome by the visits of a few of the titled people of this land to the valleys of the mountains, or as they say, to the 'Mormon' stronghold. These have been startled and amazed at finding such an ideal condition among our people. Lady Kidman recently returned from an extended visit to the United States,

and gave an account of her visit in a leading daily paper. She lays particular stress upon her visit to Salt Lake City, and pays the Latter-day Saints a glowing tribute. She says, 'The 'Mormons' do not practice polygamy, are a good people, do not smoke, drink, or swear, pay one-tenth of their income to the Church, and are very hospitable and progressive.' "



Elders left to right: Reuben A. Call, Bountiful; Conference President Walter D. Francis, Morgan; Elward E. Burrows, Huntsville; Carrol L. Olsen, Hvrum, Utah.

Forty Baptized in Frankfurt, Germany

LeRoi B. Gardner, president Frankfurter conference, Germany, reports August 30, that eighteen missionaries are laboring in the smallest conference in Germany—the Frankfurter, in which much success is achieved. The gospel is being preached in city, village and roadside, covering a large area, including Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Offenbach, Saarbruecken, and the picturesque Odenwald, the farming district lying in the valley and on the river banks and the hillsides of the national forest reserve where the rolling hills are capped with a heavy growth of tall pines. Forty people have been baptized this year and many friends have asked for baptism. Being on the border line and partly included in the section of Germany, occupied by the French soldiers, the people are inclined more toward political affairs than religion, and it is difficult to convince the people that the gospel of Christ is bigger and includes more than anything else in the world. Still, hundreds are being led to consider the truths of the Bible. Many of the people are well versed in the Bible, as they have learned it in the schools; but since the War the Bible is no longer taught in the schools and the German children are having no opportunity to learn the simple Bible stories and commandments, so we invite children from all classes of people to attend the Latter-day Saint Sunday schools. Thus, through the children, attending Sunday schools and the invitations of missionaries, while tracting, many families have been brought to a fuller understanding of the gospel.

Mutual Work

A Dance Director in Every Ward

The General Boards of M. I. A. have adopted the following in relation to stake and ward dancing parties: All dancing parties are to be conducted by a director who has been instructed in all the M. I. A. dancing standards.

The Mutual Improvement executive officers in the various stakes and wards will transmit this information through the Committee on Recreation of the stakes and wards to all concerned:

THE DANCE DIRECTOR

BEFORE THE PARTY

1. Should know the type of dancing party—its particular needs.
2. Should cooperate with committee in selecting music.
3. See to the condition of the hall in regard to lighting, cleanliness, heating, ventilation, seating, water, toilets, etc. Cooperate with janitor.
4. Should have a definite understanding and full cooperation with the group giving the party.
5. Should make personal preparation, look right, feel right, do right.
6. Should cooperate with parents and ward leaders, and occasionally invite them as guests. Also encourage chaperonage.
7. Should meet with other dance directors and cooperate in bettering conditions.

AT THE PARTY

1. Should meet committee early and check on details and have definite understanding as to their cooperation.
2. Do little personal dancing.
3. See that everybody has a good time—much is to be done while the dance is going on.
4. Maintain proper environment about the building. Cooperate when necessary with peace officers.
5. Should be the constituted judge as to what is proper and improper in dancing and deportment. Be constantly on the alert to prevent difficulties which may arise.
6. Do private personal work with both crude and cultured.

AFTER THE PARTY

1. Adopt business-like method in paying for music and other help.
2. Cooperate with chaperons and bid all a hearty "Good-night."
3. Make careful review of the evening's events and make notation of constructive future program to be approved by committee.

Remember, You are not only directing a Dance—You are training men and women.

Monthly Message to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

XII.—Efficiency

Perhaps no word in the English language has in the last few years been more overused, and yet less understood, than the word "efficiency." Few really stop long enough to analyze its meaning—not merely in the sense of its derivation—but in its true interpretation.

To be efficient, and thus to have efficiency, means to be effective, to possess skill and knowledge and proficiency in the execution of that which one undertakes. Efficiency tells us how good men have won their battle with fate—how they have succeeded by study, perseverance, application and ambition; in brief, it shows us what other men, similarly placed, have learned and done.

Efficiency is the result of self-management. Few, if any of us have attained it. We constantly do things which common sense tells us not to do. We have never learned how to use ourselves, and for our ignorance we pay dearly sometimes. It is estimated that about 73 men out of every 100 are in the wrong job; that most men utilize only about a third of their mental and physical forces; that we waste more than we use—more money, more time, more strength, more thought, more opportunity. We must learn conservation and direction, through efficiency. The difference between a hod carrier and the head of a great corporation is that the one works with his hod and the other his head. To get ahead, we must *get a head*, that is, we must train our brains as well as our muscles. No matter what our trade may be, to succeed at it we must apply ourselves—both muscle and brain. But efficiency is more than simply speed and economy. No worker is efficient until his work becomes a pleasure to him; therefore efficiency means the reeducation and reconstruction of men. It sets the table for the man who is going to be a mental, financial and spiritual leader.

"Efficiency is the power to do one's most and best, in the shortest time and the easiest way, to the satisfaction of all concerned." This definition is almost all inclusive. It is not sufficient that one does his most and best, but he must do it in the shortest time, in the easiest way, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. Why is it that we often find two young men pursuing the same occupation—banking for instance—who have graduated from the same college, both from respectable families, both with an equal amount of knowledge, and yet the one may be getting \$20,000 a year and the other \$2,000? Why have some classmates attained much more generous measures of success than others? What was the controlling factor? Doubtless it consists in the ability to influence the actions of others; in the ability to see the other's point of view and get him to see his point of view. This is efficiency—the ability to deal with people in such a way as to get their satisfaction. To comply with this requirement is no easy task, but it is not impossible. It may be accomplished by observing the following rules:

First, analyze yourself, *i. e.*, discover yourself through self analysis and by study of the family tree. Second, study your possibilities and limitations, physical, mental and spiritual. Third, read the lives of great men who have been leaders and emulate their example. Fourth, get a position in your chosen field, no matter how lowly, and make the most of the job. Fifth, if handicapped by ailments, study their causes and remove them. Sixth, if you are inclined to be pessimistic, cultivate optimism, faith, tact, patience, courtesy and other mental factors in efficiency. Seventh, arrange to get the best counsel and advice and training available and follow it. Eighth, discover the specific moral qualities needed to produce leadership—*i. e.*, courage, will-power, and inspiration. Ninth, select a help-mate that will assist you to reach the ideal and wisdom of a great man.

Hundreds of other ways might be suggested which would contribute to make for efficiency, in the broadest sense of that term, but doubtless these will suffice for this short paper. Carefully observe these suggestions, get the proper spirit of your work, and then, as Lloyd George said in his recent visit to America, using the language of golf: "Follow through, and keep your eye on the ball."

Mutuals and Sunday Schools in Oregon

The Oregon conference the Lord has abundantly blessed. The sincere and humble missionary workers and the Saints are doing a commend-

able work in furthering the gospel. With a scarcity of missionaries, due to so many being sent to European countries, a great share of the missionary activity is going to rest on the various organizations of the Church. We realize the value of such organizations, and look to the Mutual organization as one which is invaluable, due to the assistance it renders to the missionary activity. Surely such must be the case when both activities are striving to bring the individual to a higher point of vision and greater purposes. We find the lessons are of a most valuable character and help in spreading the gospel, and the reading material in the *Era* is of the highest order. The missionary surely appreciates his copy of this publication, and has many calls from the investigators for a loan of the same. We have recently organized a Sunday School, at Bend, Ore., and Elders Amasa Reynolds and Junius Wilson desire another organization if sufficient will attend. That organization will be the Mutual Improvement organization, if conditions warrant it. At Hood River, Ore., Elders Ferron Lamb and Hyrum Oakey report that the people can support a Mutual and we expect to see it a success. Elders Arthur Sawyer and Milton Morrell, doing county work in the vicinity of Kelso, Washington, report splendid success in their labors. Laboring in Portland we have four lady missionaries, namely, Velma Nebeker and Kinnie Caine her companion, and E. Nellie Jordan and LaVanda Peterson, her companion. Elders Vernee G. Halliday and Grant Ellis and President Orson P. Wright and Eugene Sloan complete the missionary personnel. For the benefit of those who anticipate attending the Oregon University at Eugene, Oregon, or the Oregon Agricultural College, at Covallis, Oregon, I wish to give the information that Church services are going to be held in these localities so they won't be deprived of their Church work.—Orson P. Wright, Pres., Box 295, Portland, Oregon.

Camp Stewart

Under the date of Sept. 10, 1923, Scout Executive A. A. Anderson of the Utah County Council, B. S. A. gives the account of Camp Stewart. The daily program and the camp rules contain suggestions of careful consideration by all who conduct hikes, outings, and camps. Reserve them for reference:

The Timpanogos District Council training Camp closed after three weeks successful operation.

22 Troops from Alpine, Utah, Nebo, Tintic and Wasatch stakes, under their own leadership, each in its own individual camp, apart yet adjacent to other troops and headquarters, under the supervision of the Timpanogos District Council, B. S. A., spent one week in camp arriving early Monday morning, leaving Saturday evening.

Each day activities commenced with impressive flag raising ceremonies at sunrise. Every waking moment of the Scouts' time was filled full of constructive activity. They were taught the useful out-of-door scoutcraft which builds for character, under the personal guidance of experts in Campcraft, Woodcraft, Map-making, Cooking and Nature Study.

In the campcraft section the Scouts learned how, and made from native material, camp conveniences and handy articles which make for comfort in the woods.

The Woodcraft and Cooking section taught Nature's compass markings, improvised shelters, the different types of fires, their purpose and how to build them; how to cook and serve wholesome and appetizing food with and without cooking utensils.

In the Map making section the Scouts were taught to take field notes and draw maps from those notes, by actually going out into the rough uneven country and doing so.

Nature Study was made intensely interesting by the unique presentation of each individual animal, bird, tree and flower; its haunts, habits and history, by Prof. J. H. Paul of the U. of U.

The evening colors at sunset followed by the varied evening programs, each in a class by itself, including Troop night, Stunt night, Indian night, Game night, Court of Honor night and Story night, put a fitting climax to each day's activities.

Three wholesome meals were served each day *a la* army style.

The excellent morale and discipline of the camp created through patrol competition, scoring for points, kept each official and scout "on his toes" to do the right thing at the right time.

As a camp trophy, each scout took away with him a Blue Spruce Cone embellished with the Camp Stewart monogram.

TIMPANOGOS DISTRICT COUNCIL

DAILY PROGRAM

CAMP STEWART

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Arrive in Camp.	First Call.....	6 A. M.	5 A. M.	5 A. M.	5 A. M.
Register.	Assembly, Flag Raising, etc.....	6:20	5:20	5:20	Same as
Assignment to Quarters.	Breakfast	6:50	5:35	5:50 to	first of week.
	Wash Dishes, Clean Up Camp, Inspection	7:00 to 8:30	6:15	Hit the Trail	
	Instruction Period for Groups as follows	8:30 to 12:00	6:20		
	A. Compass, and Map Making.			H	
	B. Fires and Cooking.			I	
	C. Woodcraft.			K	
	D. Nature Study.			E	

Group No. 1	A.	No. 1	B.	No. 1	C.	No. 1	D.
No. 2	B.	No. 2	C.	No. 2	D.	No. 2	A.
No. 3	C.	No. 3	D.	No. 3	A.	No. 3	B.
No. 4	D.	No. 4	A.	No. 4	B.	No. 4	C.

12 Noon.	Dinner						
Grouping and Patrol Formation.	1:30	Selective Activity.					
Hike to Stewart Cascades.		Exploration Hike.					
		Tracking.					
		Estimating					
		First Aid the Game Way					
		Games.					
		Use of Library, Reading					
		Passing of Tests.					
		Woodcraft.					

6:00 P. M. Supper

6:45 P. M. Retreat

7:00 P. M. Inspection, Recording of Days Points

8:00 P. M. Campfire Program as follows:

Troop Fire at Each Camp.	Patrol Stunts.	Indian Dance.	Buffalo Hunt.	Court of Honor
	Story. Songs.	Indian Story.	(Night Games).	

The Scout Oath and Laws will be the guiding rules of this camp.

Leaving Camp.

No scout or group of scouts may leave camp without permission of their leader, who will get permission from camp director.

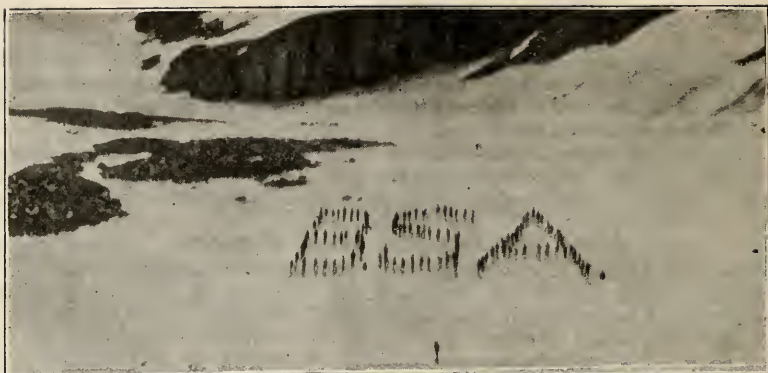
Washing.

Scouts will not wash their person or dishes in the creek, but in the tubs provided for that purpose.

Cutting trees.

Scouts will not cut any living trees, either with ax or knife.

Latrines.



Upper: Each Friday was Timpanogos Day. All climbed the mountain and slid the glacier. This was taken on the glacier.

Center: There were eight troop camps like this at Camp Stewart apart from each other under their scoutmaster or patrol leader. This is Camp No. 4.

Lower: The woodcraft section. One of the five sections of scout training at Camp Stewart.

Latrines must be properly taken care of by each scout using them.

Information.

Scouts will get information from Headquarters through their patrol leaders.

Store Hours.

The camp store will be open from 1 P. M. to 1:30 and from 4:30 to 6:00.

RULES ON CAMP CONTEST

Discipline— 10 points for each boy who does the right thing at the right time.

Inspection— 10 points for each boy of each patrol who passes inspection as to appearance and quarters.

Activity— 5 points of each scout who attends each constructive afternoon activity.

Advancement— 5 points for every second class test passed, except tests 1 and 9
7 points for every first class test passed, except tests 2, 11 and 12.
Working on merit badges to be counted under activity.

Contests— Points to be determined by the contest.

First to Report

South Sanpete stake was the first stake in the Church to submit its efficiency report for October, 1923. Seven wards, and seven wards reported; 316 enrolled, 212 in actual attendance, and 86 points in efficiency. Charles A. Braithwaite is the new superintendent.

Advanced Senior Class, Attention!

The following topics are suggested as suitable for consideration during the social unit period:

"All About Radium," "The Advance of Surgery," "The Evolution of Transportation," "The Struggle for Sanitation," "Eating to Live," "Cotton as King," "The Steel Industry," "The Relative Producing Value of the Cow, the Sheep and the Hen," "The Battleship and the Highway as Rivals," "Our National Pleasure Resorts," "Our Forestry System."

This list, of course, may be added to indefinitely. The handling of these topics should be arranged for far enough in advance to make it possible for careful concentrated preparation. In every community there are persons who are more or less specialists and the class may have the benefit of their knowledge by simply soliciting their help on some special subject at a specified time and place. It will be remembered that the effect of an invitation often depends upon the formality and courtesy with which it is extended. Our motto: A good time, socially, intellectually, and spiritually.

Lamanite Genealogical Society Officers

On the evening of October 13, 1923, in Barratt Hall, this society celebrated its fourth anniversary; they elected officers for the ensuing year, under the supervision of Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, as follows: President, Horace H. Cummings; vice-presidents, Junius Romney, Elizabeth C. McCune, all of Salt Lake City; Margarito Bautista, Mexican mission; Jackson Galbraith, G. Gordon White, Canadian mission. Genealogist and recorder, Mrs. Annie W. Holdaway; assistant recorder, Castulo Martinez; assistants in typing and index work, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Torrez and Mrs. Rafael Torrez; secretary, Miss Mary Campbell; assistant secretary, Mrs. Fern R. Wheeler; treasurer, Mrs. Martha Cox. This broad foundation for work indicates the building of a wonderful future, and the "dawning of a brighter day," for the Lamanitish races. The North Dakota, Southern States, Arizona, and other missions embracing Lamanite territory, are to have a vice-president each, appointed by the president of these missions, who will cooperate with the parent association at the Utah Genealogical Library, thus linking together in a most substantial manner this splendid effort. All lists coming in from whatsoever source in this way can be compared with the index of work already done, and so eliminate duplication.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, October, 1923

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	State and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mtgs. or Teacher-T. Classes	Total
Bear River	6	10	7	10	10	6	4	10	10	8	81
Beaver	8	7	10	7	10	5	5	10	8	8	78
Box Elder	8	8	10	8	10	9	2	10	10	8	83
Cache	10	10	10	8	10	9	2	8	10	8	86
Carbon	5	10	8	8	8	8	5	8	8	5	76
Cottonwood	8	10	10	8	9	7	6	8	10	6	82
Deseret	8	10	9	5	8	8	4	7	6	4	69
Emery	2	10	10	5	10	5	4	10	10	6	72
Hyrum	6	5	10	10	9	8	10	8	10	4	80
Liberty	7	10	10	9	10	9	4	10	10	10	89
Logan	7	10	10	10	10	7	2	10	10	10	86
Moapa	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	8	95
Mount Ogden	6	10	10	10	10	8	8	10	10	8	90
Nebo	4	10	7	7	7	4	2	7	7	4	59
North Davis	7	8	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	7	83
North Sevier	5	10	10	...	10	5	5	10	10	5	70
North Weber	6	9	7	5	5	6	1	6	10	6	61
Ogden	6	10	9	9	10	7	1	9	9	9	79
Oquirrh	7	10	10	6	10	10	4	10	8	8	83
Pioneer	6	10	10	6	10	9	4	9	10	8	82
Roosevelt	10	10	10	6	10	8	9	10	5	8	86
St. George	10	10	9	4	9	4	5	7	10	4	72
Salt Lake	4	10	8	10	8	5	2	10	10	8	75
Sevier	10	6	10	8	10	8	...	10	10	8	80
South Sanpete	7	10	9	10	10	9	4	9	10	8	86
Summit	5	10	5	5	6	5	2	6	...	5	49
Tintic	7	7	10	10	10	10	3	9	10	9	85
Uintah	10	10	10	4	10	7	...	10	10	9	80
Wayne	5	2	3	1	3	10	9	2	...	5	49
Bingham	5	6	7	8	7	4	3	5	7	3	55
Burley	3	3	2	...	4	3	1	3	3	2	24
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	6	5	10	10	9	90
Idaho	7	10	10	5	10	7	8	10	5	3	75
Lost River	10	10	10	5	10	5	...	10	10	5	75
Malad	10	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	96
Pocatello	6	10	7	6	8	5	4	7	9	5	67
Lethbridge	3	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	78
St. Joseph	7	10	9	6	9	7	5	9	8	5	75
Star Valley	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	5	92
Young	10	10	6	...	6	...	2	10	5	5	54

Notice to Secretaries—For October, 1922, 45 stakes reported; for the same month in 1923, 40 reported; 319 wards, for 1922; 271, for 1923. We can do better than that. Is your stake or ward reported? If not send your report for November, not a day later than December 10. Be dependable; and please, if you are a ward secretary see that the stake secretary shall receive your ward report the day following the last meeting of each month. Be prepared.

Minnie Huick, president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, Marysville, Idaho, Yellowstone stake—the Y. M. M. I. A. being disorganized—canvassed for the *Era* in behalf of the association, and sends us twenty-three subscriptions paid up. She says they will work hard for more, though they have the 5% allotment and have received their rebate for their treasury. Thanks, we appreciate the labors of Sister Huick, and trust that the boys will wake up in that ward and get their organization going.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, October, 1923

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Attendance Senior	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River ..	488	12	8	63	114	68	62	307	44	78	49	43	214
Beaver	289	5	5	40	69	54	70	233	39	60	40	65	204
Box Elder ..	800	13	12	98	183	99	160	540	77	140	60	99	376
Cache	520	8	8	90	60	80	150	380	70	40	48	100	258
Carbon	360	10	4	28	84	36	47	195	22	46	23	29	120
Cottonwood ..	653	10	10	87	82	114	225	508	70	45	79	171	365
Deseret	418	11	9	70	129	85	110	394	52	88	53	81	274
Emery	555	10	2	19	25	41	29	114	14	23	32	25	94
Hyrum	500	10	8	73	87	82	106	348	43	40	24	30	137
Liberty	1204	11	11	104	138	206	290	738	96	111	149	207	563
Logan	608	11	11	107	74	76	171	428	85	50	58	109	302
Moapa	187	6	2	21	24	21	48	114	13	12	12	33	70
Mt. Ogden ..	617	6	6	49	73	91	156	369	45	51	69	109	274
Nebo	968	15	11	85	77	86	101	349	72	52	68	67	259
No. Davis ..	436	8	8	68	33	59	128	288	55	24	38	72	189
No. Sevier ..	270	5	5	37	67	39	50	193	30	45	26	36	137
No. Weber ..	686	17	13	87	46	128	169	430	68	29	83	101	281
Ogden	823	10	10	87	92	124	200	503	67	59	78	129	333
Oquirrh	393	5	5	56	62	87	79	284	40	46	38	55	179
Pioneer	760	10	10	87	65	123	161	436	79	44	96	107	326
Roosevelt ..	326	11	11	77	74	50	112	319	56	56	37	76	225
St. George ..	606	15	12	97	202	148	200	647	73	174	101	171	519
Salt Lake ...	1080	12	10	85	73	75	198	431	74	51	65	156	346
Sevier	366	6	6	46	100	100	130	376	31	50	54	100	235
So. Sanpete ..	469	7	7	70	67	89	90	316	57	33	51	71	212
Summit	420	12	5	30	23	65	73	191	24	14	41	45	124
Tintic	215	4	4	34	40	40	27	141	31	27	23	20	101
Uintah	614	9	6	37	51	85	89	262	21	32	57	52	162
Wayne	190	6	3	21	10	17	39	87	4	2	3	8	18
Bingham	590	12	7	50	101	65	87	303	43	66	42	45	196
Burley	399	10	4	33	39	27	39	138	24	28	19	25	96
Fremont	581	13	10	116	204	185	209	714	90	121	106	129	446
Idaho	213	12	7	54	32	19	44	149	42	23	13	33	111
Lost River ..	154	4	4
Malad	359	8	8	66	51	119	113	349	53	32	87	72	244
Pocatello ..	412	10	8	76	38	70	74	258	69	37	55	61	222
Lethbridge ..	235	10	4	20	22	15	10	67	12	16	10	6	44
St. Joseph ..	500	13	...	62	65	86	115	328	52	52	58	86	248
Star Valley ..	353	11	11	91	56	80	74	301	61	47	72	60	240
Young	103	5	3	23	42	20	33	118	19	23	17	25	84

"I congratulate you upon the very excellent character of the November issue of the *Era*. The selection of articles and contributions evidences wisdom of choice and discrimination. The editorials and editorial comments are choice, both in subject matter and diction. May the Lord bless you for the great good you are doing."—Joseph A. West, Logan, Utah.

Vernal R. Steffenson, writing from Rostock, Germany, October 27: "Please accept our appreciation for the *Era* which we receive regularly. We recognize it as a potent factor in the advancement of missionary work and a source of inspiration and help to us in the performance of our duties, and express our gratitude for the *Era*. We pray the Lord to bless its publishers and all who are aiding in its circulation among the people."

Passing Events

Former U. S. Senator for Minnesota, Frank B. Kellog, succeeds Mr. Harvey as ambassador to Great Britain. He left Nov. 10 for London.

A Ku Klux Klan has been organized in Ogden, according to an announcement published Oct. 28. Only American citizens can become members and no Catholics and no Jews are admitted.

Ex-President Wilson addressed some of his friends and admirers on Armistice day, Nov. 12, on "Armistice." This was the second address in less than 24 hours and the third since he left the White House.

Ambassador Harvey, in his farewell speech in London told Great Britain that the United States is anxious to aid Europe, but that Europe has closed the door against American help, says a Washington dispatch dated Oct. 24.

Samuel Gompers is re-elected president of the American Federation of Labor, at the 43d annual convention of that organization at Portland, Ore. The election was unanimous. Next convention will be held at El Paso, Texas.

Gov. Mabey pleaded for law enforcement, in an address at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon, Nov. 7. He urged especially the enforcement of the Volstead law, and added that dissatisfaction with the law should be expressed at the polls and not by violation.

Albert W. Felt passed away, Oct. 15, at his home in Canyon Road, Salt Lake City. He was the son of N. H. and Eliza Ann Felt, early pioneers of Utah, and was born Sept. 25, 1853. His wife, Ida D. Felt, preceded him and entered behind the veil nine months ago.

The death of the president of Nicaragua, Diego Emanuel Chamorro, occurred on Oct. 12, at Managua, according to an announcement received by the state department. The departed president was a member of a family that was noted for its friendly feelings to the United States.

A Turkish republic was established Oct. 29 by the national assembly at Angora, and Mustapha Kemal Pasha was elected its first president. The president is elected by the deputies for a term of four years, and may be re-elected. The president seems to be clothed with greater authority than the sultan had.

The death of Charles Proteus Steinmetz was announced from Schenectady, N. Y., Oct. 26. He was known as an "electrical wizard," and it was said that he knew more about electricity than any other man living. He visited Salt Lake City Oct. 8, and spoke to an audience at the Hotel Utah. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was a German by birth and was only 59 years old.

The Saxon ministry disregarded the Stresemann ultimatum and on Oct. 28 declared that the Saxon diet is the sole tribunal to determine the issue that has been raised in the controversy between Berlin and Dresden. Stresemann's demand was that the "red" ministry of Saxony "get out," or the reichswehr would get it. Ziegner, the Saxon prime minister, replied by appealing to the diet.

The United States and France parted ways on the European situation Nov. 9, when Secretary Hughes informed the French premier that the restrictions insisted upon by France regarding the scope of the proposed expert inquiry into Germany's ability to pay reparations would "frustrate" the object of the Washington government. If this ends the discussion on the

subject, the responsibility for the failure will rest with France, the very thing M. Poincare was anxious to avoid.

Chancellor Stresemann was granted dictatorial powers, Oct. 13, by the German reichstag, by a vote of 316 to 24. This marks the end, temporarily at least, of democratic government in Germany. It is hoped that by this means national unity may be preserved; that the country may be saved from bolshevism; that profiteering may be suppressed; that immediate financial reforms may be undertaken, and the chancellor may be able to induce France to begin negotiations on the question of reparations.

President of the Utah Educational Association for the year is now Professor Henry Peterson, of the Agricultural College, Logan. He was elected Oct. 26, at the annual election held at U. E. A. headquarters. He had 535 votes. Dr. N. C. Jensen, state superintendent of public instruction, had 526. Miss Etta Powers, principal of the Wasatch School, Salt Lake City, was the unanimous choice for vice-president. Miss Alice Reynolds and Dr. M. O. Merrill, of the B. Y. U., Provo, were elected trustees.

Andrew Bonar Law died Oct. 30, at his home in London. He was born in New Brunswick, Canada, Sept. 16, 1858, but in early youth he moved to Glasgow, Scotland, where he was educated and engaged in business successfully. In 1900 he was elected to parliament from the Blackfriar's division, and after that he rose rapidly to prominence, being appointed secretary of state for the colonies, chancellor of the exchequer, lord of the privy seal, and finally, premier. His wife died in 1909, and his two sons fell in the war.

Funeral services for James A. Leffler were held in the Preston, Idaho, Third Ward chapel, Oct. 12., with Bishop Wm. Hawkes in charge. He was one of the early settlers of Gentile valley. Mr. Leffler was born July 27, 1840, in Boone county, Missouri. He crossed the plains in 1862, and on January 4, 1875, married Ann Maria McGregor who, with one daughter, Mrs. Annie Christiansen of Thatcher, Idaho, survives him. He also is survived by three grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

Governor J. C. Walton of Oklahoma was impeached by the house of representatives of the state, Oct. 23, and, the next day, suspended by the senate. The governor immediately appealed to the court, and Judge Chambers granted him an injunction restraining the lieutenant governor from exercising any of the powers of the governor of the state. However, on Oct. 25, the supreme court of the state sustained the senate resolution suspending the governor during his impeachment trial, and enjoined him from interfering with the lieutenant governor. He was removed from office by the senate, Nov. 19.

The Rhineland republic was proclaimed Oct. 21, at Aix-la-Chapelle, by the Separatists, led by Leo Deckers and Dr. Guthardt. The coup-d'etat is said to have been effected without the shedding of blood. Leo Deckers is a native of Aix-la-Chapelle; he is a prosperous cloth manufacturer, 60 years old. The Belgians and French are said to be supporting the movement. On Oct. 23, fighting was reported at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Loyalists were said to have gained possession of the city, while the Separatists were said to have occupied public buildings at Wiesbaden and to be marching against Duesseldorf.

A cavein at the Utah Apex mine, Bingham, occurred, Oct. 16, in a stope on the 1500-foot level. The foreman, Dan Eden, 50 years of age, was crushed to death, and five others were reported missing. On Oct. 19, two of the missing were rescued alive, after having been entombed for 56 hours. They were Joseph Norden, the mine superintendent, and Jose Ratalaza, a Mexican miner. Mr. Norden lay helpless for four hours with a leg pinned under rocks and debris. Ratalaza hewed his way through and released him, thus saving his life. The three whose bodies were still in the mine on the 19th, were Charles Parsons, Richard Armstrong, and O. C. Nelson.

Funeral services were held for Mrs. Maria Covey Ballard, the young wife of Melvin R. Ballard, Oct. 18, in the Eleventh ward. The deceased passed away at a local hospital on the 15th of Oct. Magnificent floral offerings testified to the deep affection and regard with which she was remembered. Bishop George McAllister presided. The speakers were George Albert Smith, Stephen L. Richards, and Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve; and President Anthon W. Ivins and President Heber J. Grant. Patriarch Hyrum Smith offered the opening prayer, and President Rudger Clawson, the benediction. Dr. James E. Talmage dedicated the grave.

A revolution broke out in Munich, Bavaria, Nov. 8, but was instantly quelled. On the date mentioned one Adolph Hitler started the "putsch" in a rathskeller by declaring himself the chancellor of Germany and the famous General Erich Ludendorff, military dictator. Failing to obtain the support of the troops, the revolutionary leaders barricaded themselves in the war ministry, where they were surrounded by soldiers. They then emerged from the building and the revolution was ended. At the same time it was learned that the German ex-crown prince had left Holland and returned to Germany. The report almost caused a panic in Paris, at first, but later little importance was attached to the matter.

Betsy M. Cook died at her home in Delta, September 19, 1923. She was born April 27, 1860, in east Weber; daughter of Byron and Elsie Maria Knudson Bybee. On March 15, 1877, she married Josiah H. Cook in southern Utah where they resided for some years and then moved to Delta. She is a mother of thirteen children, fifty-five grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. She was a loving mother and dutiful wife. As a homekeeper and nurse, she was a minister of comfort to all about her. Funeral services were held September 22, where President Willis E. Robinson and others paid her useful life eulogies. The Delta Relief Society passed resolutions of respect to her memory and several poems were read lauding her character and labors.—*Mrs. Nora Chappell*, Lyman, Utah.

The Church school teachers met Oct. 25 in Barratt Hall. President Heber J. Grant addressed them on the text, "That which we persist in doing becomes easy to do, not that the nature of the thing has changed, but that our power to do has increased." With numerous concrete examples he illustrated this message. The object of the Church schools, he explained, is to make Latter-day Saints. He added, if it were not for that, the Church could spend three-quarters of a million a year in other ways. Inspiration and testimony, in the speaker's opinion, are more important than cold facts. "We have the truth—the gospel—the plan of life and salvation," he said. "If we work with ability and strength, God will increase our power. Anything can be accomplished with perseverance. By constant endeavor we become expert. Things become easy to do because our power to do them increases."

B. Y. U. Leadership Week Scheduled.—Leadership week at the Brigham Young University is scheduled this winter for January 21 to 25, inclusive, according to announcement made by the B. Y. U. Extension division under which department the event is conducted. The purpose of this week is to assist in training leaders for the Church and community, by offering regular classes in various departments. Last year 2500 people took advantage of this opportunity provided by the Church school. The following departments will hold daily sessions for one hour, arranged in such a schedule that one may attend a different class each hour: Priesthood (Aaronic and Melchizedek); Relief Society; Sunday School; M. I. A.; Primary; Religion Class; Teacher-Training; Dramatic Art; Music; Social Training; Play and Play Supervision; Pageantry; Genealogy; Health Work; Scout Leaders; Home-Making; Farm Problems.

C. Clarence Neslen was re-elected mayor of Salt Lake City, Nov. 6, and T. T. Burton and Herman H. Green were retained as commissioners. The

vote cast was the heaviest in the history of Salt Lake City for a municipal election. The total ballots for mayor was 34,433, of which the successful candidate got 19,733. Joseph E. Galigher, the defeated aspirant, had 14,700. Parley L. Williams, who ran for the position of commissioner, was the lowest on the list and yet he came close to Galigher, lacking only 614 votes of the strength of the defeated leader. One noticeable feature of the contest was that Galigher lost in his own district, No. 79, while Neslen carried his own neighborhood, polling 418 votes to Galigher's 239. The issue raised by the following of Parley Williams and Galigher was the old cry of "church and state." It served to draw the voters to the polls, to express their protest against that effort at reviving a dead issue.

The L. D. S. Hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho, was dedicated Oct. 22. President Heber J. Grant offering the dedicatory prayer. In the tabernacle, four-minute addresses were made by Presidents John H. Hart, of Rigby stake, James Duckworth of Blackfoot, Albert Charles of Teton, David Miller of Yellowstone, Joseph H. Dye of Shelley, and Mark Austin of Fremont stake. Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, gave a stirring address. President Grant read the following telegram from Gov. C. C. Moore:

"It is with the deepest regrets that I tell you that I cannot be with you on the occasion of the dedication of your hospital. Please present my congratulations to the board of the new hospital for the completion of your magnificent institution. Surely it is a work of mercy that shall receive its reward. I can add nothing to the dedication of such an institution, for the heroic sacrifices of nurses, physicians and loved ones will dedicate it more than the feeble words of man. I trust that you meet with a great measure of success and I know that your work will be humanitarian in the relief of suffering, the binding up of wounds of the people and the soothing of the sorrows of all mankind. May God bless you in this work."

The hospital which was opened to the public Nov. 16, is a five-story concrete edifice, situated at the intersection of F street and Memorial Drive. There are about 125 rooms in the main building. The total cost is \$450,000.

Mrs. Martha Ann Harris died at Provo, Oct. 19, 82 years old. She was a daughter of the martyred patriarch, Hyrum Smith, the beloved brother of the Prophet Joseph, and the sister of the late Joseph F. Smith.

Mrs. Harris was born in Nauvoo. She resided with her parents on Water street, near the Mansion house, Nauvoo, until the tragic death of her father and Joseph Smith at the old Carthage jail on June 27, 1844. Mrs. Harris was but three years of age at the time of her father's death. Leaving the fated city of Nauvoo in the summer of 1846, a few days before the battle of Nauvoo, with a flatboat of provisions and the ox-team and big white horse of her husband, the mother, Mrs. Smith, moved to Montrose. In the spring of 1848, Mrs. Smith, with her children commenced the long journey across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City on September 22, three months after the commencement of the trip. The family subsequently settled at East Mill Creek, six miles south of Salt Lake City. At the age of 16 Martha Ann Smith was married to William Jasper Harris in the Endowment House by President Heber C. Kimball, April 21, 1857. Two days after marriage her husband started on a mission to Great Britain, pulling a handcart across the plains. In the year 1867 her husband was called to Provo as one of President Brigham Young's bodyguards and since that time Mrs. Harris had made her home in that city. Her life in Provo was exemplary. Her husband was accidentally killed by a team of horses on April 2, 1910, and the shock of his death was a severe blow to Mrs. Harris. She is survived by eight children, William J. Harris of Eureka, Hyrum Smith Harris of Springville, Franklin H. Harris of Provo, John F. Harris of Payson, Mrs. Mary E. Corbett, Mrs. Zina C. Dennis, Mrs. Martha A. Startup, and Mrs. Sarah I. Passey, all of Provo. Besides those named Mrs. Harris is survived by seventy-nine grandchildren and sixty-four great-grandchildren.

"I like the new dress in which the *Era* comes out. The clear, sharp type is very attractive and the entire arrangement is most pleasing. The *Era* continues to get better and better."—Dr. F. S. Harris, President Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

"We receive the *Era* every month and anticipate it with keen interest, as it is a source of satisfaction to us and aids us very much in our labors."—Obra Pearce, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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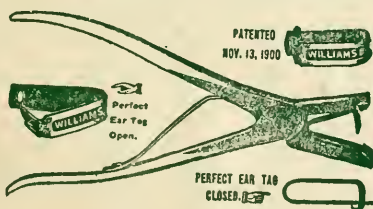
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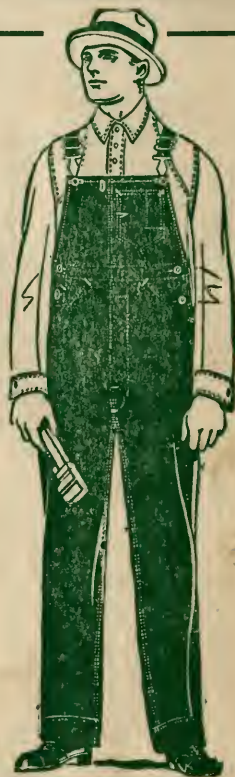
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